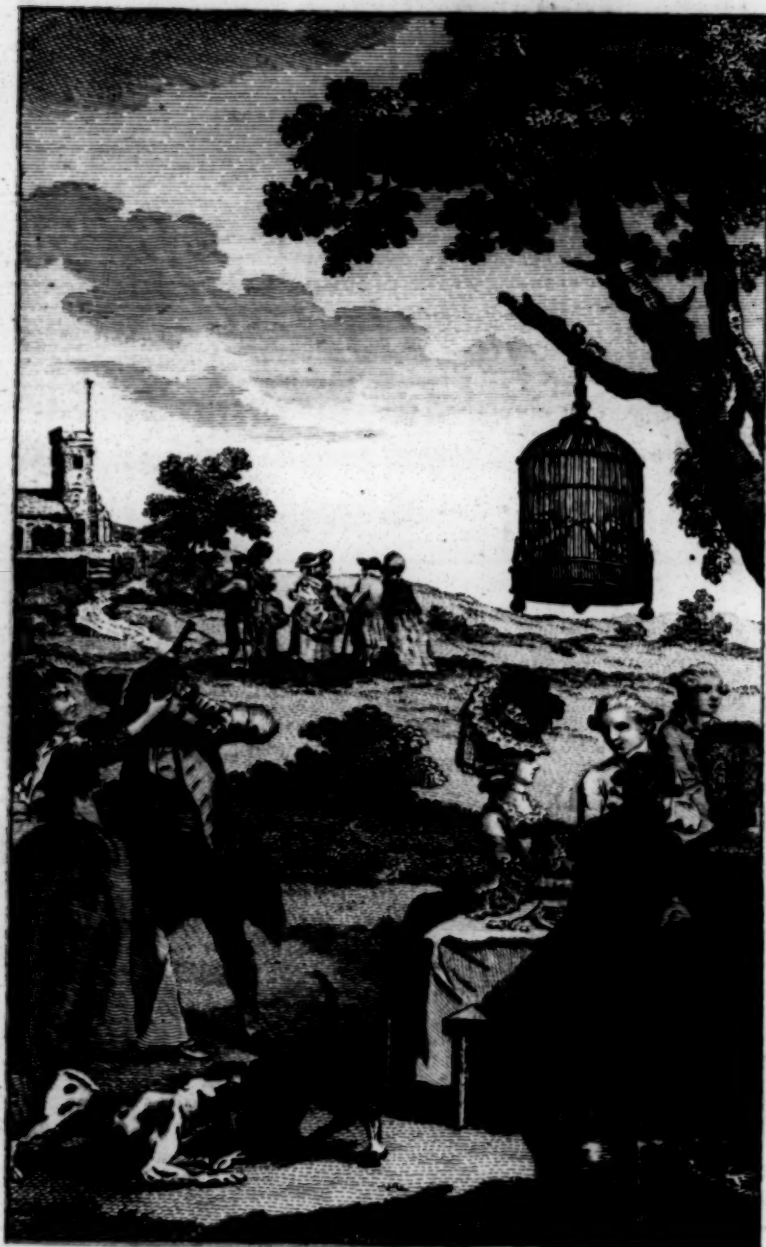


FRONTISPIECE.



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THE
Comforts of Matrimony;
OR,
LOVE'S LAST SHIFT:

CONSISTING OF
MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES,
Between Persons of all RANKS and DEGREES,
from the PEER to the PEASANT;

Describing the Pains and the Pleasures consequent on
MATRIMONY, and including a thousand Incidents
most interesting and entertaining to every

MARRIED PERSON:

Comprizing many Pieces well worthy the Notice of the
UNMARRIED of BOTH SEXES.

BY NED WARD, JUNIOR.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR FIELDING AND WALKER,
N° 20, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

M.DCC.LXXX.

Comments of Authors:

THESE TESTS

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Containing many facts well worthy the notice of the
 student of the history of the State.

2014.01.01 M. A. V. G. G. V. 1990

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10. The Board of Directors shall have the authority to make any amendments to the Charter of the Corporation, subject to the approval of the stockholders.

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REDDING AND WILKES

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TO ALL THE
MARRIED COUPLES
IN
GREAT-BRITAIN and IRELAND.
LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

THIS work is dedicated to married people in general, because no offence should be taken by an individual; for the Writer of these *Matrimonial Dialogues* is simple enough to imagine, that if even one person embarked in the good Ship called *Matrimony*, to make the voyage of Life, should fail of being complimented with the title of *Commander*, it might endanger the *Wreck* of the *Vessel*.

The Gentlemen will pardon me for making my first compliments to the La-

dies, because, as the Men are confessedly the Lords of the Creation, they can have no doubt but that the Women are bound, as well to OBEY, as to LOVE and HONOUR : nor will the Women be affronted by any attention they may imagine paid to the Men in the following Pages, because, whatever idle people may think of the force of an Ecclesiastical Rite, the Women are determined to be MASTERS, and to *wear the Breeches*, as often as it may be in their power.

Pardon me, Ladies ; I cannot mean to offend, where I profess the most profound respect ; for I love the Sex with a passion more easily to be conceived than described ; but I hope I shall not violate the truth in asserting, that the majority of you sweet deluders have in your tempers a spice of that of Grandmother Eve, who thought she could enjoy no
repose

D E D I C A T I O N.



repose till she had made her good Man wretched; and then so far was she from enjoying any, that she was but ten times the more exquisitely miserable: and it will ever be found true, that the Wife who seeks to give wretchedness to her husband, does but “heap coals of fire on
“ her own head.”

Far be it from me, however, to attempt to vindicate the conduct of the generality of Men:—too often are they harsh, imperious, brutal:—too often do most admirable Women linger out a miserable existence, with a patience worthy of a Saint, in *bondage* with Men whose characters would be a disgrace to Devils.

Dr. Watts thought justly when he wrote the following admirable Poem. The Doctor was a Bachelor; but he had, evidently, the finest conception of

what should constitute the genuine happiness of the married Life.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

I.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my Song,
To whom thy sweetest Joys belong,
And who the happy Pairs
Whose yielding Hearts, and joining Hands,
Find Blessings twisted with their Bands,
To soften all their Cares.

II.

Not the wild Herd of Nymphs and Swains
That thoughtless fly into the Chains,
As Custom leads the Way:
If there be Bliss without Design,
Ivies and Oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

III.

Not fordid Souls of earthy Mold,
Who drawn by Kindred Charms of Gold,
To dull Embraces move:
So two rich Mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy Marriage too,
And make a World of Love.

IV.

DEDICATION.

vii

IV.

Not the mad Tribe that Hell inspires
With wanton Flames; those raging Fires
The purer Bliss destroy :
On Ætna's Top let Furies wed,
And Sheets of Light'ning dress the Bed,
T' improve the burning Joy.

V.

Not the dull Pairs whose marble Forms
None of the melting Passion warms,
Can mingle Hearts and Hands :
Logs of green Wood, that quench the Coals,
Are marry'd just like Stoic Souls,
With Osiers for their Bands.

VI.

Not Minds of melancholy Strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear Bondage bless :
As well may heav'nly Concerts spring
From two old Lutes with ne'er a String,
Or none beside the Bass.

VII.

Nor can the soft Enchantments hold
Two jarring Souls of angry Mold,
The Rugged and the Keen :
Sampson's young Foxes might as well
In Bands of chearful Wedlock dwell,
With Firebrands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel Fetters bind
A gentle to a savage Mind,
For Love abhors the Sight:
Loose the fierce Tyger from the Deer,
For native Rage and native Fear
Rise and forbid Delight.

IX.

Two kindest Souls alone must meet,
'Tis Friendship makes the Bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual Loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling Throne
Is drawn by gentlest Birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the Doves.

Having quoted a Poem, a circumstance, perhaps, rather uncommon in a Dedication, I have only to leave it to your consideration, and to affirm that I am, with the truest attention to your interest,

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

Your devoted Servant,

EDWARD WARD, JUNIOR.

P R E F A C E.

IT has been an old observation, that a Preface is as necessary to introduce a Book to the Notice of the Public, as a Master of the Ceremonies to introduce a foreigner of distinction to the presence of the Sovereign. How far this observation may be founded in fact I will not pretend to determine; but I conceive a Preface must be necessary to a book of this kind, which is so great a stranger, as to require the guiding hand of some friend to lead it on, and give it consequence with the public.

Since the days of my ancestor, of whimsical memory, only one book of this kind hath been published, and of that the World has formed its opinion: but it is now a do-

zen years at least since that publication took place; since quarrelling was reduced to a science, and married people were taught to squabble in Rhyme, and wrangle *to some tune.*

Now the gentle reader will be pleased to know, that the preface of a Book, though placed at the beginning, always is, or should be, written after the other part of the work is finished; for an author must be a cunning fellow indeed, who shall pretend to tell you what his book consists of before he has written it: however, it does not seem to be necessary that he should tell you at all, for that must be a very paltry book that stands in need of the Writer's recommendation.

How far the following pages may be entitled to approbation, or deserving of contempt, the Writer does not pretend to judge, but leaves it to stand or fall as the opinion of the public may determine; premising only, that it is strictly an original work, as there is not a single line in it borrowed, unless

less where the obligation be acknowledged by inverted Commas, thus, “ ;” and even these borrowings are so few, that a Man might have been excused for the not mentioning them at all.

The Writer has nothing farther to say respecting his book ; but as every person of either Sex, may be deemed in some degree interested in its contents, he will throw together a few thoughts, collected from Writers of the first reputation, and chiefly from the immortal Addison, which therefore stand in no need of recommendation. Thus, then, follow the sentences.—“ Behold that
 “ charming virgin ; behold the beauty of
 “ her person chastised by the innocence of
 “ her thoughts. Chastity, good-nature, and
 “ affability, are the graces that play in her
 “ countenance ; she knows she is handsome,
 “ but she knows she is good. Conscious
 “ beauty adorned with conscious virtue !
 “ what a spirit is there in those eyes ! what a
 “ bloom in that person ! how is the whole
 “ woman expressed in her appearance ! her

“ air has the beauty of motion, and her
“ look the force of language.”

“ I have often thought (says our Author)
“ there has not been sufficient pains taken
“ in finding out proper employments and
“ diversions for the Fair Ones. Their a-
“ musements seem contrived for them, ra-
“ ther as they are Women, than as they are
“ reasonable creatures; and are more adapt-
“ ed to the sex than to the species. The
“ toilet is the great scene of business, and
“ the right adjusting of their hair the prin-
“ cipal employment of their lives. The
“ sorting of a suit of ribbands is reckoned
“ a very good morning's work; and if they
“ make an excursion to a Mercer's or a Toy-
“ shop, so great a fatigue makes them un-
“ fit for any thing else all the day after.
“ Their more serious occupations are sew-
“ ing and embroidery, and their greatest
“ drudgery the preparation of jellies and
“ sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of
“ ordinary Women; though I know there
“ are multitudes of those of a more elevated
“ life and conversation, that move in an ex-
“ alted

“alted sphere of knowledge and virtue;
 “ that join all the beauties of the mind to
 “ the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind
 “ of awe and respect, as well as love, into
 “ their male-beholders.”

Again :—“ Aurelia, though a Woman of
 “ great quality, delights in the privacy of
 “ a Country life, and passes away a great
 “ part of her time in her own walks and
 “ gardens. Her husband, who is her bo-
 “ som friend and companion in her soli-
 “ tudes, has been in love with her ever
 “ since he knew her. They both abound
 “ with good sense, consummate virtue, and
 “ a mutual esteem, and are a perpetual en-
 “ tertainment to one another. Their fa-
 “ mily is under so great an oeconomy, and
 “ its hours of devotion and repast, employ-
 “ ment and diversion, that it looks like a
 “ little commonwealth within itself. They
 “ often go into company, that they may
 “ return with the greater delight to one
 “ another; and sometimes live in town,
 “ not to enjoy it so properly as to grow
 “ weary of it, that they may renew in them-
 “ selves

“ selves the relish of a Country life. By
 “ this means they are happy in each other,
 “ beloved by their children, adored by
 “ their servants, and are become the envy,
 “ or rather the delight, of all that know
 “ them.

“ How different to this is the life of Ful-
 “ via ! she considers her husband as her
 “ steward, and looks upon discretion and
 “ good housewifery as little domestic vir-
 “ tues, unbecoming a Woman of quality.
 “ She thinks life lost in her own family, and
 “ fancies herself out of the world when she
 “ is not in the ring, the play-house, or the
 “ drawing-room : She lives in a perpetual
 “ motion of body, and restlessness of thought,
 “ and is never easy in any one place, when
 “ she thinks there is more company in
 “ another. The missing of an Opera the
 “ first night, would be more afflicting to
 “ her than the death of a Child. She pities
 “ all the valuable part of her own sex,
 “ and calls every Woman of a prudent,
 “ modest, and retired life, a poor-spirited,
 “ unpolished creature. What a mortifi-
 “ cation would it be to Fulvia, if she knew
 “ that

“ that her setting herself to view, is but
 “ exposing herself, and that she grows con-
 “ temptible, by being conspicuous.”

Having given these quotations, which carry with them their own Apology, I have only to add, that though the following are called **MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES**, they are not all such, in the strict sense of the words; but where a Man and Woman have cohabited a considerable time, they are deemed as married, and in a hundred instances it has been known that the Law is favourable to this idea: many a Woman not legally married, has been discharged by a Magistrate, or acquitted on a trial, on the presumption that she acted under the influence of the Man with whom she cohabited.

For the rest;—let the book take its chance;—it is before the Public, to be acquitted or condemned on the Verdict of that most respectable Jury.

"that her setting herself to view is but
"exposing herself, and that she grows con-
"temptible by being conspicuous."

Having given these quotations, which
carry with them their own Apology, I have
only to add, that though the following are
called MATRIMONIAL DISCOURSES, they are
not all such. In the first ten of the words;
but where a Man and Woman have co-
habited a considerable time, they are deem-
ed as married, and in a hundred instances
it has been known that the Law is favour-
able to this idea: many a Woman not so
fully married, has been dishonoured by a Ma-
rriage, or separated on a trial, on the pre-
sumption that she acted under the influence
of the Man with whom she cohabited.

For the rest,--let the book take its
chance--it is before the Public, to be ac-
quitted or condemned on the Verdict of that
most respectable Jury.

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M A T R I -

~

MATRIMONIAL
DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE I.

Between a LADY of QUALITY and her LORD;
on a Jealousy entertained by the latter.

N. **T**HERE was a time, my Anna dear,
When Love and Duty, hand in hand,
Taught Woman's words and deeds to
At Virtue's sole, supreme command. [steer

Then every hour gave perfect bliss,
And every moment real joy;
But now, ah now! the nuptial kiss,
Once transport, only serves to cloy.

L. Why with dreams of idle fancy
Will you still your heart corrode?
To your breast oh take your Nancy,
Love and Honour's safe abode.

B

Pangs

2 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Pangs from base suspicion rising
Injure me and torture you ;
Whence then all this vile surmising
'Gainst a loyal heart and true ?

N. Ah that I could your words believe !
Women were born but to deceive.

L. Deception never entered breast
Where real Honour was a guest.
You know, my Lord, full well you know,
Suspicion is to peace a foe ;
Then charge me with one real deed,
Ere yet your cruelty proceed
To reprobate your own free choice,
And second that malignant voice
Which the base traitor, FAME, asserts
Shall prey on harmless Womens hearts.

N. Madam, if *Murder* were in hand,
A Woman's fears might make a stand ;
But when *Adultery's* the fashion,
Your rank gives Law to all the Nation ;
And well I know—deny't who can,
The Colonel is a *gallant Man* !

L. The Colonel ! good my Lord be quiet !
In your own breast you make the riot.
The Colonel is no more to me
Than the most vulgar wretch I see :
Of this I'll give you ample proof,
Or drive me from your friendly roof.

N. *Proof,*

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 3

N. Proof, say you? That indeed were great;
I'd barter for it my estate:
A thousand lives I'd give to know
That you were not my deadliest foe:
For well, as this poor heart can state,
Doubting your Love, I fear'd your Hate.

L. Then read my Lord—then read and see
How basely you have thought of me:
For once let lordly Man atone
For wrongs to injur'd Woman done.

L E T T E R.

To the Countess of ———.

“ MADAM,

“ A vile Incendiary, who seeks to make a private advantage of Lord ———’s credulity and
“ generosity, has sought to impress his Lordship
“ with an idea that an illicit connection is subsisting between Colonel ——— and your Ladyship. With those who are acquainted with your
“ unblemished character, a suggestion of this kind
“ could obtain no credit; but the husband is an
“ exception to this rule. His very love for you
“ will make him but the more susceptible to unfavourable impressions; so that what should effectually fix his happiness, will but confirm his
“ misery: the more he loves, the more easily will
“ he be deceived and imposed on. I have thought

4 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

“ proper to give your Ladyship this intelligence,
“ that you may be prepared to combat the arts of
“ the most designing villainy.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.

“ CHARLES MANLEY.”

N. 'Tis Manley's hand ! his honest heart
In base contrivance ne'er took part.

L. What think you now, my Lord ? am I
A subject for your cruelty ?

N. Lost in amazement, see me stand,
The new-made wonder of your hand ;
A thousand proofs of Love I've known,
Proofs could be given by you alone.
No more—I seek the wretch to find,
Who sought to wound my peace of my mind ;
And well his reptile blood shall pay
That honour he would wipe away—

L. Nay, now my Lord, too hasty driving
Would mar a plan of my contriving :
I'd save the honour of your Wife,
But not at peril of your life :
Your safety is to me more dear
Than aught I hope, or aught I fear.

N. Say on—Attentive I remain,
Though rack'd with torturing hope and pain.

L. Let

L. Let me a note to Manley write,
Which, if you please, yourself indite;
Declaring I will meet *the Swain*
Who gives us all this causeless pain.
You and your Friend shall both be near,
To witness how I treat *my dear*.
But, good my Lord, no bloodshed now;—
I ne'er transgress'd the marriage vow,
Nor ever will:—

N. Agreed, agreed!
But what if we should not succeed?

L. Succeed in what? *Contempt* is ours;
That still will be within our powers.
We'll see the wretch's utmost view,
Then tell him honest Love and true
Ne'er fled on scandal's fetid breath,
But warm'd thro' life, and held till death!

DIALOGUE II.

Between a PRIME MINISTER and his LADY.

M. **W**OULD I were rid of cares of State,
Made only for the Fools I hate!
Fools of all Fools the most accurst,
And of all Knaves the very worst!
Content with Fortune's ample store,
What had my heart to wish for more?

6 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Blest with serenity of mind,
Blest with a Wife supremely kind,
Ah what had I with State to do!
What but disgrace have I to rue!
My honour gone, my credit lost,
While all my fairest hopes are crost,
And I on seas of torture tost.

L. Ambition never fir'd the mind,
Eut left the curse of care behind.

M. This is a truth we all acknowledge,
Court, Country, City, Army, College;
Yet all deny the truths they own,
Up from the Cottage to the Throne.
Show me a Bishop's mitred head,
Content with humble barley bread:
Show me a Soldier in the Ranks
Would give his Serjeant hearty thanks,
To promise him that he should be
A Leader of the Cavalry.
Show me a Lawyer that would grudge
To pawn his Soul to be a Judge.
Produce a Tradesman deep in debt;
He reads, and laughs at, the Gazette,
In vain imagination wise,
As others sink, that he shall rise.
Exhibit but one humble 'Squire,
That would not rise a station higher;
In short, Ambition fires the mind,
While Common Sense is left behind.

L. All

L. All this is granted; therefore shun
The paths by which we are undone.
What is there in Ambition's scheme,
But the mere flattery of a dream?
A dream of one poor fleeting hour,
Which, when once past, adieu to power!

M. Allow'd—but how shall I resign
That boundless power no longer mine?
I seem, and only seem, to rule;
Some greater Knave, or greater Fool,
Behind the curtain moves the strings,
Which Statesmen rule, and rule o'er Kings.
Unboasting we of greater powers,
Punch and his puppet-shew is ours!

L. Then, in a Land we boast as free,
Would I that punch of puppets be?
Would I submit to cringe and fawn,
To Rogues in Lace, or Knaves in Lawn?
Would I to Stars or Garters yield,
And let fair Honour quit the field?
Ah no!—The Wretches all despise;
And, timely warn'd, be timely wise.

M. Good your advice, could I but take it:—
In business plung'd, can I forsake it?
My word is to the public given,
And all my hope on this side heaven
Is but to see the Vessel free,
And then who will may steer for me.

3 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

L. If this be your determination,
'Tis mine to rue, with half the Nation;
My pleasure gone, my hopes all crost,
While every view of bliss is lost:
For never did that Phantom, POWER,
(The short-liv'd bubble of an hour)
Yield satisfaction to the breast,
Or lull the wearied Soul to rest!

D I A L O G U E III.

Between a MIDDLESEX JUSTICE and his WIFE.

Y. **B**EGONE, I say—I will not interfere—
Money can never be expected here.

W. Not for the Man, or for his crime I plead,
The Wife and Children claim your utmost heed.
One word from you, ere trial shall begin,
Will wholly change the nature of the Sin.
In the *Commitment* half the *Sentence* lies,
For Courts and Juries see but with your eyes.

Y. What will the public say in such a case?
They'll deem me infamous, and count me base.
First to commit, in clearest form of Law;
And then to find, or seem to find, a flaw.
Besides, the very nature of the crime
Forbids my interference at this time.

7 Counterfeit

Counterfeit money!—'tis not to be done;—
 With the base coinage we are over-run :
 Warm from the Mint the vile deception flies,
 And cheats our pockets, while it cheats our eyes ;
 Till the base coin a thousand hands has past,
 And sticks with want and poverty at last.

W. Your argument, in general, is too good,
 Nor, in a common case, should be withstood :
 But let us argue this affair at large,
 Weigh all its points, and reason on the charge.
 The Man was poor, and his temptation great,
 Large was his pride, and trifling his estate.
 His family—I know your feeling breast,—
 Their wants would not allow one moment's rest.
 An aged Mother claim'd his tenderest care,
 His Wife and Children all his fondness share :
 'Too fatal fondness ! for he hears their cries,
 And, for one heedless scheme, unpitied dies.

J. Heedless, d'ye call it ? the deceptive plan
 Spreads thro' the Realm, and runs from Man to Man.
 No—no—the Wretch must die—

W. View this Bank Note,
 Fair is its printing, and as fairly wrote :
 All honest to the eye it does appear,
 Depend upon't there is no Forgery here.

J. Forgery !—Detested crime !—Let's see the
 Bill—
 This might atone—but something's wanting still ;
 Another figure—

10 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

W. 'Tis their all I vow—

J. Humanity pervades my breast, and now
I fondly yield to your solicitation,
Still studious for the interest of the Nation.
On this Man's life his Family depends,
And Virtue says “ the Wretched should find
“ friends !”

D I A L O G U E IV.

Between a COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN and
his WIFE.

C. **D**ETERMIN'D not to be outdone
By the first Man within the City,
To Guildhall instantly I'll run,
Where I'll be wise, if I'm not witty.

W. Your Wisdom, and your Wit alike
Will every common hearer strike ;
While all who hear of either say,
“ That Man were best at home to-day ;
“ His Shop, his Children, and his Wife,
“ Demand his utmost care for life.”

C. Ha!—Shop, and Wife and Children, say you ?
Truce with that nonsense, Madam, pray you.
A Wife is a convenient thing
To stay at home ;—but then the King,

The

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. II

The House of Commons, and the Peers,
Demand our first and greatest cares.

A King too often is deceived,
While Citizens are disbelieved :

The fair advice that we present

Is but receiv'd with discontent ;

While both the Houses are addressing,

And thankful for the mighty blessing,

The sacred right descended down,

All independent of the Crown,

Of trampling on the public good,

And doing all but what they shou'd.

'Tis we are born to set them right,

And to that service, day and night,

My utmost skill will I devote—

W. Pshaw ! Blockhead, I could cut your throat !

You rectify the public measures,

And *you* disburse the public treasures !

We'll get a fine administration

When such as you direct the nation ;

And Britain will grow mighty wise

Her state beholding with *YOUR* eyes.

C. Woman, I say—

W. ————Why, Sir, you lie ;

C. I had not spoke ;

W. ————Nor shall, till I

Have finish'd what I meant to say ;—

Here will your shop be left to-day,

12 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Your business wholly left undone,
 While you to curst Guildhall must run,
 There spend your breath in idle pother,
 And look like Fools on one another:
 And when you've laid your deepest schemes,
 They are no more than idle dreams,
 Which make a pleasant ridicule
 Of who's the Knave, and who's the Fool.
 The City Cash you vote away,
 While your own bills you cannot pay—
 Sometimes these bills will be protested,
 Sometimes your carcases arrested;
 Yet still of Politics you squabble,
 The mere delight of all the rabble,
 While Morning Papers sound your praise,
 And prove you Fools ten thousand ways.

C. I wish your Ladyship would finish—

W. Sir—from your worth I'll not diminish:
 If *common* News-papers won't do,
 Another Paper soon you'll rue.
 Nine bills are due, and all unpaid;
 Is this the way to manage trade?
 If thus you pay the public debt,
 Your own is paid in—the-GAZETTE.

DIALOGUE V.

Between a BISHOP and his LADY.

B. **A**DULTERY, Madam, is a vice,
A crime that does so greatly swell,
As plunges sinners in a trice
Within the very gulph of Hell.

L. If that be true, my Lord, I fear
Full many of our Courtiers there,
And many of our high-born Ladies,
With whom indecency a trade is,
Will quickly sink to deep perdition,
In consequence of *Coalition*:
For such the times are now become,
That Ladies, without beat of drum,
As *Volunteers* will freely enter
Their Husbands honour, at a *Venture*.

B. The Laws are ever in the lurch
When Statesmen won't consult the Church.
Prime Ministers are foolish things,
The Pride of Courts, the prop of Kings:
'Tis we, 'tis we alone, should be
The *small*, tho' *great*, majority:
All to our *Fiat* should accord,
And all combine to BLESS the LORD!

L. The Church's Power!—no one should doubt it;
But Statesmen think to do without it:

Then

14 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

They say, that human laws declare
What's right, and fit, and just, and fair;
And those 'gainst human Laws offending,
Of *bad* will find a *wretched* ending.

B. 'Tis true the Courts of Doctors-commons
May cite Aggressors, and may summons;
But every summons and citation
That e'er was serv'd within the nation,
Does but in serious sadness prove
The force of an illicit Love.
When Woman once is bent on sin,
The Devil could not rein her in,
Tho' 'twere his interest to destroy
What yields him the compleatest joy.

L. Why so censorious upon Woman?
Are not the faults of Man as common?
And could a Female thus offend
But for her *confidential friend*?
No, my good Lord, your Rev'ence knows,
And every day's experience shows,
" If poor weak Women go astray,
" Their Stars are more in fault than they."

B. 'Tis a trite adage you have quoted,
And he who wrote it should be noted
As one determin'd to perplex
And mortify the weaker sex.

L. The Weaker! why the *weaker* sex?
They know your stronger to perplex;

And

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 15

And not a Woman can be found
In all *Britannia's* ample round,
But knows full well to teize her Man,
And let the He deny't who can.

B. No Man of common sense will try
Womens averments to deny,
But rather take the Sex on trust,
For what *they will*, he knows *he must*.

L. So then, my Lord, you fairly own
Th' establishment of Woman's throne:
Henceforth let no Man dare to doubt it,
Nor Woman yield to live without it.

B. A fine conclusion, on my troth!

L. It has the sanction of the Clôth:
Your Lordship scruples not to say
What Woman *wills* to do, *she may*;
And *every Woman*, good or ill,
Is still *resolv'd to have her Will*.

16 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE VI.

Between an ALDERMAN and his LADY.

A. 'TIS not, dear Madam, that I doubt your honour,

But a fine Woman has all eyes upon her;
And, when a City Lady hies to Court,
Blockheads will stare, and Scoundrels make their sport.

Each look, each action, is misconstrued vile,
And prudes will say it is a crime to smile.

L. I think, Sir James, 'tis now near twenty years
Since you and I combin'd our hopes and fears;
Six Children have our honest nuptials blest,
Three in good health, and three are gone to rest:
How kind in providence to halve our store!
What would the wish of mortal man have more?
Great is your credit, ample your estate,
And your vast trade you cannot wish more great.
Where then the crime, e'er Nature wears away,
To spend in gayer scenes a harmless day?
No fluttering Courtier will my ear invade;
He'll rather tempt some unsuspecting maid.

A. This may be true; but, careful of your fame,
I would not wish that Coxcombs knew your name.
Their breath, infectious, will your honour taint,
And wipe away the virtue of a saint.

Z. And

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 17

L. And so, Sir James, because the Fools resort
(To laugh, and to be laugh'd at) to the Court,
You'd fain deny a City Dame to go,
Lest she be sneer'd at by some dangling Beau.
No—no—good Sir,—Virtue's a sacred thing,
And shall it fail in presence of a King?

A. Madam, no doubt was ever entertain'd
Of that pure Virtue which can ne'er be feign'd.
Your honour was the thing of which I spoke,
And sure a Woman's honour is no joke!

L. I understand you not!

A. ———My meaning's plain;
Those who associate with the vile and vain,
(And Villainy and Vanity resort
To each Levee, and fill up every Court)
Whate'er themselves may think, will surely find
Their honour tainted by each passing wind.

L. I can't conclude, because a Lady pays
Due homage to her King on public days,
Because it is her pleasure to be seen,
In the mild presence of her gracious Queen,
That scandal has a right to interfere,
And boldly tell her she shall not be there.
Superior Virtue triumphs to be known
Or near the Cottage, or about the Throne.
And never did superior Virtue blaze
With such bright charms as in our CHARLOTTE'S
days.

D I A-

D I A L O G U E VII.

Between a DUKE and his DUTCHESS.

D. SWEET Madam, this eternal riot
Does but destroy my peace and quiet:

Du. Sweet Sir, the life I now pursue
Charms me, altho' it vexes you.

D. Did you not at the altar say,
You'd love, and honour, and obey?
And how comports that holy vow,
With all your disobedience now?

Du. Mere words of course! my Lord, and spoken,
Nine times in ten, but to be broken:
Women of spirit think, with me,
The marriage-bond but sets them free;
And all they say, and all they do,
Serves but to prove their judgment true.

D. Women of spirit!—Common Fame
Has given them an ignobler name.
They say that Common Fame's a Lyar,
But in the present instance try her;
Know you one Woman of true merit
That boasts of what you call a spirit?

Du. DEVONIA's Dutcheſs—

D. I'm aſham'd,
On this account, to hear her nam'd;—

True,

True, she is young, and gay, and charming,
 But never were her plans alarming:
 She goes to Court, she sings, she dances,
 Her Bible reads—and reads Romances:
 But view her every way, and take
 A Picture FANCY could not make;
 A Picture of that spotless honour
 Which *real* TRUTH has stamp'd upon her.
 With all the bloom, and all the grace
 Of youth and health, and mind, and face;
 With all that Fortune can bestow,
 With all that mortals wish below,
 She fills th' important rank of life,
 The kindest mistress, fondest wife;
 Nor ever stood the starving poor
 One moment lingering at her door;
 Where'er her heart, all liberal, feels,
 Her liberal hand as freely deals;
 And daily does the dole of bread
 Heap Heaven's best blessings on her head;
 She ne'er forgets one maxim taught her,
 For know that she's a SPENCER's daughter.

Du. Surely, my Lord, you know to paint
 The picture of a modern saint;
 Your warm imagination glows
 With tints true colouring never knows;
 Struck with ideal charms, you view
 Your picture, and then think it true;

Hold

20 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Hold it a pattern up for Life,
To ridicule your duteous Wife.

D. My duteous Wife! Ah would to Heaven
One proof of duty you had given!
One solid proof in all your life,
Of the first duties of a Wife.
Madam, your Children now demand
'The tenderest culture of your hand.
The Babes, the lovely Babes—

Du. No more;
I feel the smart, I feel it sore:—
'Tho' Woman may a while neglect
To treat herself with due respect;
'Tho' false to other ties she prove,
Yet the dear pledges of her Love
'To native Honour will restore her,
And teach her husband to adore her.
Henceforth I quit the nauseous train
Of Fools and Fops, and Vile and Vain,
And vow the just obedience due
To my sweet Children, and to you.

D. Enraptur'd, thus I press your hand
My Life—my all, at your command.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Between a SEA CAPTAIN and his WIFE,
whom he had left at home during a long Voyage.

C. **W**HY what is this that strikes my view?
Two jolly boys! no more than two?
And each resembling so the other,
One cannot doubt that 'tis his brother.
Since, Madam, thus you've kept your word,
You might present me with a third.
I think 'tis three years since, till now,
I last received your plighted vow,
That vow which you would never break,
But keep it holy—for my sake.
And is it thus your vow you've kept,
While I, all unsuspecting slept,
Toss'd on the billows of the Sea,
And dreamt, alas! of none but thee?

W. Good Sir be patient—

C. Patient! When?
Can honour be restor'd again,
When once its plighted vow is broke?
Be gone—nor with my misery joke.
Can I splice honour, dost thou hope,
As Seamen know to splice a rope?
How shall I bring that ship a-head
Who makes the oozy bank her bed?

When

22 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

When Vessels on a Rock shall strike,
 They're near to foundering then, belike;
 And tho', perchance, the flowing tide
 Once more may bid the vessel ride,
 The Sailor finds his hopes all baulk'd,
 He finds the Frigate all uncaulk'd;
 Bulg'd are her timbers, broke her seams,
 And soon she rides upon her beams.
 The Sea pours in with mightiest force,
 The Devil cannot stop her course;
 Bound to the bottom, why complain,
 Since Men, and Sails, and Pumps are vain?
 No wind whatever knows to veer her,
 Nor can the ablest Pilot steer her.

W. Nay, Husband, hear me:—

C. Nay, hear ME,
 'Tis I'm the sufferer d'ye see:
 Down to the bottom of the Deep
 Away she goes, at one vast sweep;
 The Seaman's fondest hopes are crost,
 The Owner's property all lost;
 Yet life and liberty are dear,
 And when we can nor reef nor steer,
 When yet the Vessel scarce can float,
 The prudent Sailor takes his boat,
 Bound to the nearest Port in view,
 And leaves the Wreck—as I leave you:

W. Once

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 23

W. Once more, upon my knees, I pray
A listening ear to what I say.
Have you not yet one instance known,
In History was it never shown,
That Ships in danger might be sav'd
When Seamen dext'rously behav'd?
Full many a Ship, in my short reading,
Was sav'd when every hope lay bleeding;
The bulge has frequently been stopt,
The heeling Vessel gaily propt;
A gentle breeze, a moderate tide,
Have taught her safely still to ride,
Till some near port, with pitying view,
Has claim'd her—as I'm claim'd by you;
Has seen the Frigate's faded charms,
Yet kindly took her in its arms;
Pitied the Sailors deep distress,
And nobly fought to make it less.

C. Ha! Why such things have surely been,
And I some instances have seen:
But still the case will not apply
To this dispute 'twixt you and I.
Suppose a Ship; how could I steer her,
When she was sunk e'er I came near her?
How bring that Vessel into port,
To whom old Neptune makes his court?
Deep to the bottom is she flown,
And Sea-nymphs hail her as their own;

Sea-

24 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Sea-nymphs, with Neptune's eyes who see,
As fickle and as frail as thee !

W. One word, or ere I quit my knees ;—
Be sure that every passing breeze
I wish'd might waft thee safely home,
Tho' all my woes were yet to come.
When in the dreary midnight hour
I heard the wind's tempestuous power,
Then on these knees, midst all my cares,
I've worn those midnight hours with pray'rs.
For thee, for thee alone I've pray'd,
Yet wish'd these Infants heads were laid
Low in the dust, that neither name
Might propagate their Mother's shame.
Ten thousand dreadful thoughts have crept
Deep in my bosom, while they slept ;
Ten thousand schemes have fill'd my head ;
But ah ! I could not make their bed
Their murderous tomb ;—and now they wait
From your dear lips their future fate.

C. No more—Humanity prevails ;
I hoist the Matrimonial Sails :—
Henceforth be true—the Boys preserve,
Nor from this hour from honour swerve ;
In time I'll take them both to Sea,
And British Admirals shall they be !

DIALOGUE IX.

Between a JEW and a JEWESS.

Jewess. **N**ONE of your nonsense, Mr. Moses,
 None of your infamous supposes;
 I say the goods were fairly bought,
 Nor heed I FIELDING of a groat.

Jew. Heed or not heed, it is no matter,
 Sir JOHN will make your teeth to chatter;
 Now day and night we'll be confounded,
 Our house by tribes of Rogues surrounded;
 Infamous, vile, Thief-taking elves,
 Ten times more wicked than ourselves.

Jewess. That's a bold word to say, my dear;
 But let me whisper in your ear,
 That *all the marks are taken out*;
 Be quiet then—make no more rout;
 No Thief among 'em all can say
 This is the plate was lost to-day.

Jew. 'Pshaw, Rachel! old and foolish still!
 They say and swear just what they will;
 And Christians, well you know 'tis true,
 Will credit all against a Jew;
 For right or wrong, they never care on
 One word that's said by Son of Aaron.

Jewess. Suppose this true, yet Aaron's Daughter
 Remembers what her Mother taught her;

26 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

The plate shall all be melted down,
 And each Refiner in the Town
 By purchase gain his proper share;
 Then will the whole appear as fair
 As if the Bank of England bought it,
 While Jews exclaim, " Ah! who'd have thought
 " it!"

Jew. Patience, good Rachel; you're too fast,
 For once let me be *first at last*;
 The Plate—yes—We'll to Holland send it,
 The cautious DUTCHMAN knows to vend it;
 Safe in his hands, or cheap or dear,
 We can have nothing more to fear;
 He'll send it all the World around,
 For *fifteen Shillings in the Pound.*

Jewess. That's a d——d discount—

Jew. Never fear,
 The other five to us are clear;
 And one in four, what think you of it?
 Is it not mighty decent profit?

Jewess. But who, pray, is to pay the Thief?

Jew. The Fool who gave him the belief
 That Jews could ever mean to pay:—
 Farther attend to what I say;
Destroy all Evidence, and then
Old MOSES is himself again!

DIALOGUE X.

Between a MACARONI and his CARA SPOSA.

Mac. **T**HES E midnight hours, my Caroline,
Will but destroy my health and thine;
All night at Cards, or Ball, or Play,
In Bed, or Dressing, all the day.
No constitution can support
A Life of such continual sport;
'Tis worse than all the cares of State,
And Nature sinks beneath its weight.

Sposa. Dost thou then, Monkey, talk of Nature?
What language from so *poor* a Creature!
Think'st thou all Night I would desert thee,
If other business could divert me?
Think you the sports you freely mention
Would claim from me one hour's attention,
If generous, open, bold, and free,
You'd quit your glass to think on me?

Mac. Think! why I think on none beside,
My best, my dearest, much-lov'd Bride.

Sposa. Bride!—I'm a bride to my great sorrow:
Heaven grant I were a Wife to-morrow!
'Tis not in language to express
That half a Bride can e'er be less;
But that plain sense denied to no Man,
Declares a *Bride* but *Half a Woman*.

28 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Mac. What mean you, Madam? Am not I
Your Lord by Church Authority?

Sposa. I ne'er denied the Church her right,
Tho' faith I am no gainer by't;
The Church gave me a paltry Creature,
Who talks, but nothing knows, of Nature.

Mac. A Separation, if you fret:—

Sposa. Those easy part, who never met.

Mac. What insolence!

Sposa. What worse than Pride!
Is this the wretch that mentioned *Bride*?
For ever I a Bride remain,
Except in pity to my pain,
Heaven kindly cut the Gordian knot,
And bid my flimsy Spouse go rot.
Let every Girl from me take warning,
Nor marry to repent ere morning:
And never, or for Love or money,
Consent to wed—A MACARONI.
These THINGS, who only walk on two,
May talk—as *real Men* may do;
But—if you put 'em to the Act,
Conviction's clear—without the Fact.

D I A L O G U E XII.

Between a L A W Y E R and his W I F E.

W. **H**ERE, Mr. Latitat, I'm told
 With others Freeholds you make bold,
 Still living in continual strife
 With every Man who owns a Wife;
 For Dowagers, if not too stale,
 You make Conveyances in Tail;
 And each unmarried Girl's your Client,
 Till all the neighbourhood cries *fie on't*.

L. Good Mistress Latitat be civil;
 I know and feel your tongue's the Devil;
 Not all my business can so vex me,
 Nor all the pleaders so perplex me.
 Three causes now in Court depend—

W. I wish your causes at an end—
 'Tis twice ten years, or little short on,
 You took possession of my fortune;
 And every coming year I see
 Addition to my misery;
 And every rising day I feel
 That Lawyers Hearts are Hearts of Steel.

L. 'Tis true your Fortune I possess,
 But I was bound to take the rest;
 Your person, and your cursed temper,
 Full bad at first, *Eadem Semper*;

30 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Thro' Life's Dull Road a mighty weight,
A vile incumbrance on th' Estate.

W. A vile Incumbrance dare you say?
Who was it made your fortune, pray?
Who took you up, a wretched Clerk,
From Alehouse vile, and Cellar dark;
From sculking thro' the Inns of Court,
Th' Attorney's Errand-boy and sport,
Till one would swear, so lank your look,
Gray's-Inn had never seen a Cook?
Who was it—

L. Silence, Madam, pray,—

W. Nay, Mr. Latitat, I say
Who was it took you from the dirt,
When you possess'd but half a shirt;
From scraping shoes, and whetting knives;
Who blest you with the best of Wives?

L. Nay, Madam, now you make me laugh,
You know I'm but *your other half*;
And—nay, my Charmer, look not sad,
If you are *best*, I can't be *bad*.

W. Villain!

L. Nay, that I own is true,
Your Father was a Lawyer too;
And every Man, whate'er the Cause,
Who seeks to execute the Laws,
So much Iniquity's in vogue,
Is either *found*, or *made* a ROGUE.

D I A-

DIALOGUE XIII.

Between a QUAKER and his HELPMATE.

Q. VERILY, Abigail, I say,
Thou hast been wond'rous naught-to-day;

All in th' Assembly of the Friends,
Where Brethren meet for pious ends,
And where each Sister greets the other,
And where each Brother meets a Brother,
How could'st thou cast thy eyes around
On strangers, in our holy ground?
Why fix those lovely orbs of vision
On those who hold us in derision?
In truth 'twas an unseemly sight,
And we shall be no gainers by't.

H. GAIN! that's the word of vast respect,
That influences all our Sect;
But pray, friend Daniel, would'st complain
Of all I see of all the vain?
If so, thy grumbling at thy wife
Ends but with thine, or with my life.

Q. Ha! do'st thou brave me to my face,
And publish thus thy foul disgrace?

H. Disgrace indeed!—I know of none;
Why did Heav'n light the radiant sun;

Why paint the silver orbs of night,
 But to indulge the human sight ?
 Is it a crime to use those eyes,
 Which Nature gave to make us wise ?
 Or were my eyes bestow'd on me,
 Solely to take a leer at thee ?

Q. I'd calm my passion if I could,
 But such expressions fire my blood !
 'Tis not six months since thou hast vow'd,
 Amidst the large assembled crowd,
 To take thy Daniel to thy breast,
 And lull thy maiden cares to rest ;
 And when thy lilly hand was shewn,
 He judg'd the Freehold was his own ;
 Nor thought of, when he gain'd his prize,
 Her faithless heart, or wand'ring eyes.

H. What a strange notion ! Faithless heart !
 'Tis time that thou and I should part.—
 True have I ever been to thee ;
 More true than thou, I doubt, to me.
 'Tis not a month, as well thou know'st,
 And Sinners witness'd to my cost,
 That thou in Alehouse vile wast drunk,
 In conversation with a punk,
 A common Woman of the Town,
 With half a shoe, and ne'er a gown ;
 Friend Trueman saw thee, and surpriz'd
 To view a Brother so disguis'd,

Quite

(Quite drunk with Folks of vulgar sort,
Their dupe, their bully, and their sport,)
To me the horrid fact made known,
A fact that made the faithful groan;

Q. Friend Trueman say'st thou? 'Twas a *Foe*,
To let thee such misfortunes know;
A Friend the secret would have kept,
While thee and I in peace had slept,
And not by base pretences strove
To cut in twain a mutual love.

H. Why base pretences? Was the fact
Full clearly prov'd?

Q. The horrid act
Of Drunkenness I own was mine,
The sin of wand'ring eyes is thine.
Do thou refrain from wanton glance,
And Wine no more shall me entrance:
Be thou the pure, the worthy wife,
I'll be thy faithful Friend thro' life.

H. Agreed—no more my eyes shall stray
Where modern fashions lead the way;
The sons of foppery I'll despise,
And with the decent, and the wise,
Religion's sacred paths pursue,
Just, constant, faithful, kind and true.

D I A L O G U E XIV.

Between a PLAYER and an ACTRESS.

P. **M**ADAM, I'm weary of this Life ;—
 With all the Passions still at strife,
 We roar and rant, and weep and whine,
 In rage we storm, in love we pine ;
 Dread Jealousy must rack the breast,
 And Pity's plaint deny us rest :
 We ape the Miser's fordid grin,
 While all the liberal soul within,
 To tales of woe expanded lies,
 Yet dare not shew it at our eyes.
 The Fopling's strut, the Madman's stare,
 'The Lawyer's cheats, the Courtier's glare,
 'The busy plodding Cit, whose face,
 'Change-alley half, and half Duke's-place,
 Marks the dull workings of his mind,
 For stocks and bubbles left behind :
 These, and a thousand more we try,
 And laugh perforce, yet wish to cry ;
 Make Love to threeſcore Years or more,
 And hail the Virtue of a whore ;
 Court Beauty in its UGLIEST shape,
 And play such tricks would shame an Ape.

A. Granting, my dear, as grant I must,
 Your observations to be just ;

What

What are the Heroes of the stage,
 But faithful pictures of the Age?
 What but the Mirror to behold,
 The sordid brags from sterling gold?
 "Abstract and Chronicle of the Times *,"
 In prose who laugh, or weep in rhymes,
 To Nature holding up the glass,
 That all may view themselves who pass?
 And if the figure's truly caught,
 Who'll say the glass could be in fault?
 There's not a Fop throughout the town,
 There's not a Rake of high renown;
 There's not a Prude or a Coquette,
 Or Female Gambler deep in debt;
 Nor any character in life,
 Suspicious Husband, Jealous Wife,
 But what its counterpart may see,
 In all its base deformity.

P. Granted—But who the glass would hold
 To every Blockhead, Knave and Scold;
 Or basely drudge, in constant care,
 To tell mankind what Fools they are?

A. State but your argument aright,
 You'll find that we're no losers by't:
 To night a vulgar Subject seen,
 To-morrow I assume the Queen;
 And if one night a Rake are you,
 The next a Husband, fond and true,

* Shakespeare.

36 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Redeems from obloquy your name,
 And stamps it with the mark of fame.
 But grant us Fools in every play,
 We are not half such Fools as they,
 Whose Vices our attention court,
 Whose Follies make our evening sport ;
 And while we live by Virtue's rules,
 The Wise will never deem us Fools ;
 And as to what all others say,
 We know that Life is but a play,
 In which each Actor takes his part,
 And shows his good or evil heart,
 And, as his conduct yields the cause,
 Meets with contempt, or gains applause.

P. To this fair reasoning I allow
 Its proper force, and nothing now
 Remains throughout this Scene of life,
 But still to be with Vice at strife ;
 To keep fair VIRTUE in our eyes,
 Her well-earn'd palm our NOBLEST PRIZE !

D I A L O G U E XV.

Between a COUNTRY SQUIRE, and his LADY.

L. **H**A ! Mr. Five-Bars, why so fast ?
 You seem to be in wondrous haste,

To

To leave your loving Wife this morning,
 Nor give a single moment's warning.
 Sure this same hunting must have charms,
 Superior to a Lady's arms,
 Or 'twould not fill you with delight,
 In chase all day, in dreams all night ;
 For nothing in your sleep do you know,
 But names of *Ringwood*, *Fowler*, *Juno*,
 With *Rover*, *Duchess*, and a score
 Of other dirty puppies more,
 Who no superior merit shew,
 But having four legs to our two.

S. Not a word, Madam, not a word,
 Against a Dog, a Hare, or Bird ;
 Oh ! 'tis the vilest profanation,
 A scandal to a sporting Nation !
 If these were not deem'd sacred things,
 By Sportsmen, Senators and Kings,
 Why should such laws have been ordain'd,
 And why the Subjects power restrain'd ?
 —Nay answer me ;—the case is pleasant,
 Why far more care to save a Pheasant,
 Protect a Partridge, keep a Hare
 From the vile poacher's midnight snare,
 Than to relieve the shivering poor,
 Who begs for bread from door to door ?
 Why—

L. Stop

38 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

L. Stop a moment, Sir, I pray ;
'Twas Reptiles far more vile than they
Who made those Laws—

S. Hold, Madam, hold,
The Womens tongues are still too bold ;
Hear all my argument in force,
And then reply—for that's in course.
Why—(that was what I meant to say)
Would *Trip* or *Nero*, *Spot* or *Tray*,
Or *Slut* half lame, or *Pug* quite blind,
Or any of the canine kind,
By generous Laws be still protected,
(The public weal mean time neglected)
If legal lore could not discover
Some secret merit in poor *Rover* ?
Or do you think our worthy King wou'd
Sign Laws to save the skin of *Ringwood*,
If Dogs were not, to Hares and Birds,
Just as the Commons to the Lords ?
My Pointer votes the grand supply,
Or ere the Covey catch my eye :
Instant the shot the Victim stops,
And down, in glorious death, it drops ;
Thus Lords assent, I cock my eye at
The Prey—and give the Regal *Fiat*.

L. If this be law, if this be reason,
'Gainst common sense 'tis downright treason.
Now hear my Arguments, and then
To Woman yield, ye mighty Men.

What's

What's wild by nature all combine
 To own, is either your's or mine ;
 At least an equal right we share
 In what sublimely floats in air,
 In Beasts with rapid force that sweep,
 In Fish that skim the watery deep ;
 For how can property take place,
 In Birds of air, or Beasts of chase ?
 Before that property you fix,
 Hey ! presto !—far away, they mix
 With others of their native kind,
 Th' ideal owner left behind.
 Say where's your property ? 'tis here,
 That's all a dream ; 'tis gone, 'tis there,
 Towards Heaven it wings its rapid way,
 Or o'er the mountain knows to stray ;
 Or seeks the covert of the wood,
 Or skims far off the watery flood.
 Are you content, or shall I tell
 From what base motives men have fell,
 From their true dignity of Nature,
 To oppress a worthy Fellow-Creature ?

S. Oppress ! dear Madam !—what d'ye mean ?
 Can England's Senate think to glean
 From Poverty their idle sport ;
 Can this become a British Court ?
 Ah, no !—The true design is plain—
 These Laws are but the Peasant's gain :

40 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Keep him from midnight lurking round
His Neighbour's patrimonial ground,
And bid him earn, as God ordains,
His daily bread, by daily pains.

L. One word, and this debate shall close :
For argument will I suppose,
A Peasant, to support his Wife,
And Children dearer than his Life,
The duties of the day all done,
And closing with the setting sun,
Shall creep beneath the noon of night,
Afraid (poor Wretch !) of human sight,
And having, haply, track'd a hare,
The timorous animal shall snare,
Which he shall sell (tho' sell in dread)
To buy his starving Children bread :
Is this a crime ?—Detested thought !
A crime which Pride alone has taught ;
A crime unknown to Wisdom's rules,
And seen alone by eyes of Fools !

D I A L O G U E XVI.

Between a TAYLOR in the WESTMINSTER
VOLUNTEERS, and his WIFE *.

W. **A** Pretty figure now you cut,
With fierce Cockade, and martial strut!
Bound to the field, methinks you go
A Military, Trading, Beau;
A compound vile of blood and wounds,
Stay-tape and Buckram, D—me, Zounds!
Your hat fierce cock'd, your legs all trembling;
(Nay, Mr. Soldier, no dissembling,
Sufficiently proclaim your feeling,
And shew the courage that you deal in.
Lord help us! if the Spaniards come,
Or French should sound, by beat of drum,
The signal of approaching battle,
Say would your guns, or breeches rattle?
You'll give, I doubt not, ere 'tis long,
One serious proof that you are strong.

T. Peace, Hussy! dare you thus defame
A modern Soldier's honour'd name?
Does not the Duke himself appear,
To head each loyal Volunteer?
Are not the Justices our friends,
Who cannot act for *private* ends?

* It may be proper to recollect, that this was written in September, 1779.

Besides,

42 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Besides, this fighting's all the fashion,
It runs, like Wildfire, thro' the Nation :
Envy must own 'tis quite the thing,
To fight for Country, Self and King.

W. Ha ! ha !—how proud the King would be
Of a whole army such as thee !

All Men of Buckram, stiff and starch,
Who can do any thing—but march !
Prick with their bodkins, and, with shears
Cut off the French and Spaniards ears.

T. No sneering, Madam ;

W. —No, Sir, no :—
Yet I must laugh at such a show
As you and your compeers will make,
Your country's liberty at stake.
What a fierce phalanx will you stand,
The Guardians of your native land !
Not Rome herself in ancient story,
Nor Greece in all her high-born glory,
Can emulate the modern fame
Of *Jerry Sneak's* most honour'd name ;
In valour, as in carcase, tall,
Sweet *Jerry*, you eclipse 'em all !

T. And is this, Madam, the return,
Because my breast with zeal can burn
To rectify the public ills ?

W. Dear *Jerry*, rather mind your bills,
Get in the few that yet unpaid are,
And show yourself the Real Trader :

Then

Then to the Shopboard pay attention,
Nor heed this Westminster convention :
Your Wife and Children claim your care ;
To Soldiers leave the Art of War :
For, if with public zeal you fret,
You'll daily get more deep in debt,
Till all shall end in—the GAZETTE. }

T. Pshaw ! Woman, do you think his Grace,
Or any other Peer in place,
Will ever let a Soldier want ?

W. Lord help ye ! sure your brains are scant !
What do their Lordships, or their Graces,
Regard, but holding of their places ?
What care they who may rise or fall,
So they can kick the courtly ball,
Which, moving still, is never lost,
Tho' to a hundred hands 'tis tost ?

T. The Opposition—

W. Curse the Mob,
They only mean to make a job ;
Nor more regard the public weal
Than those whose places they would steal ;
And all, from *Richmond* down to *Barré*,
Fear only lest their hopes miscarry ;
Nor *Fox*, with oratorical powers,
Nor *Burke*, with all his choicest flowers ;
Nor *Townsend*, constant in grimace,
Nor *Lutt'rell*, with his brazen face,

Cares

44 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Cares ought if Britain sink or swim;—
 Each Man's own hopes are all to him;
 And 'tis a fact beyond dispute,
 That Weymouth, Sandwich, North and Bute,
 With Wedderburne, and their Compeers,
 Set Folks together by the ears,
 As well as Men of greater skill,
 Who seek no good, and mean all ill.

D I A L O G U E XVII.

Between an IMPRESSING CONSTABLE and
 his WIFE *.

W. **B**ASE blackguard, whither would you
 tramp?

What! *every* night upon the scamp;
 Still with your vile, infernal plan,
 To entrap th' industrious honest Man?

C. D—me, Madam, *bold your jaw*;
 For what I do have I not Law?
 The Lords and Commons all are mine,
 One rope for wretchedness we twine;
 And LAW, whatever Fools may urge,
 Will prove a safe, tho' powerful scourge.

* Written soon after passing the Impress Act, in 1779.

W. LAW!

W. LAW!—Would that Reason could approve
One half that LAW affects to love.

LAW's the great Giant of our Land,
And Windmills move at his command :

He more than Quixote can subdue,

By instruments as base as you :

But, Sir, for once let Common Sense

Take place of this absurd pretence ;

“ To others act, as you would they

“ Should act by you another day ;”

This is a rule divine, and given

To guard us thro' this world to Heaven.

G. Why yes, when I'm a skulker—then

Let me be press'd like other Men :

I have an honest way of living,

And scorn, like some, to go a thieving ;

Besides—

W. You puppy, hold your tongue,

You don't, or won't, know right from wrong ;

A mighty honest life you live !

And doubtless you are sure to thrive.

Perhaps your worship is unwilling

To steal a coat, or filch a shilling ;

Nor would you to the Highway take,

Because you know your neck's at stake.

But don't you every day do worse

Than him who simply takes a purse ?

What is a common thief to you,

Who such infernal arts pursue

As

46. MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

As make our wretched Country groan,
 And Murder's self would blush to own?
 You rob the worthy of his wife,
 The joy, the comfort of his life;
 From the poor wife the husband steal,
 And every blessing she can feel:
 The Children worse than Orphans make,
 Since both their parents thus you take;
 For when a faithful pair you part,
 With the same blow you rive each heart;
 The Husband made a Slave, the Wife
 In fruitless tears exhausts her life:
 The Children, to the Workhouse sent,
 Have lives of leisure to repent,
 Repent that Courtly Fools and Knaves
 Should vote that Britons shall be Slaves.

C. How shall we Forces raise for land,
 Or how shall Britain's Fleets be mann'd?
 How shall we drive th' insulting Foe,
 And strike 'gainst France and Spain the blow?

W. Let those consider that who laid
 The curst embarrassments on trade;
 Who, careless of the public good,
 Have delug'd half the world with blood;
 Taught Friends with dearest Friends to fight,
 In aid of an Ideal Right;
 Made wide-extended empires groan,
 And stabb'd all hearts except their own;

And

And lost the Empire of the Sea,
In wrangling for a Pound of Tea!

C. Curs'd nonsense!—What's all this you say?
The Law is made, and I obey;
No matter why and wherefore made,
Impressing's now become a Trade;
And I will try to get a share on't,
Tho' you may laugh, and Fools may stare on't.

W. Farewell—I've done with you for ever;
For never be it said, no never,
That I will correspondence hold
With one whose heart, to Virtue cold,
To Nature and her dearest ties,
Would offer all a sacrifice
At base-born Interest's slavish shrine—
No! rather with each Child of mine,
I'll Beg the Street from door to door,
And dare be honest, tho' I'm poor.
When at the Church I gave my hand,
My heart was then at your command:
Your baseness now, on fullest proof,
Drives me from shelter of this roof.
Farewell—the dreadful day will come,
When Conscience drives her terrors home;
When you, and your accursed tribe,
Who sell your Fellows for a bribe,
Will call on Hills, on Mountains call,
To crush you with their weightiest fall:

And

48 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

And then, low humbled in the dust,
You'll find, too late, that God is just.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

Between a FOND COUPLE, after being married a
Year.

H. **O**NE happy year has now gone round
Since my *Clarinda* courage found
With *Frederick's* hand her hand to join,
And make her heart and person mine.
Hail happy morn ! more dear to me
Than that of my Nativity !
Mere birth can nought of pleasure give
To those who have not learnt to live ;
Nor were it difficult to prove
Those do not live who cannot love.
Thanks, thousand thanks, *Clarinda* dear,
That every hope, and every fear,
That swell'd and sunk thy virgin breast,
Half granting, yet denying, rest,
At length allow'd thee to be free,
By linding thy dear self to me.

W. Ah ! *Frederick*, many a pang had I,
Or ere was bound the nuptial tie,

A Thousand Doubts my mind distress,
 A Thousand Tortures wrung my breast:
 Much had I heard of want of truth,
 And real love in Britain's youth;
 Much had I heard what Maids might suffer,
 Who took th' impetuous Lover's proffer;
 And ah! thought I, should Frederick smile,
 And mean, like others, to beguile,
 Should he, by base-born, treach'rous arts,
 But angle for unguarded hearts;
 Repentance then must be my fate;
 Repentance, ever found too late.
 But Frederick (bless the day!) has prov'd
 An honour to the girl he lov'd.

H. See here, my sweet Clarinda, see,
 A print of innocence and thee.
 This young Clarinda long shall prove
 The bond to tie our mutual love.
 'Tis not that all the Mother's grace
 Shines, sweetly smiling, in her face;
 'Tis not that all her charms combine
 To prove, my love, that she is *thine*:
 No, 'tis her twice-attractive powers,
 Which doubly prove that she is *OURS*.
 Her innocence and harmless smile,
 (Such looks did once my heart beguile)
 And all her mother's native bloom,
 Each feature stretching for more room,

D

To

(To shew how powerful Nature grows,
When beauty, half expanded, blows,)
Combine to warm the heart, and show
Superior Virtue's genuine glow.

W. "Hail Wedded Love!" as Milton sang,
While all the Choir empyreal rang;
"Of human offspring genuine source,"
Let nothing ever stop thy course!
May those who join their honest hands,
"Find blessings twisted with their bands;"
And each succeeding hour of life,
Devoid of care, devoid of strife,
Make the glad Husband, and the happy Wife.

DIALOGUE XIX.

Between a FARMER and his DAME.

F. 'TIS now, as near as can be reckon'd,
Since the tenth year of George the second
Since, Margery, thee and I together
Agreed to bide all change of weather;
To live, as honest Folk should do,
With much of Love, and quarrels few;
To take the World as it should rise,
And, wanting wisdom, look full wise;
To work, and set our hearts at rest,
And of bad markets make the best.

D. A.

D. Ay, Thomas, and I well remember
 'Twas on the second of September,
 The day, or th' Almanack's a Liar,
 That London 'Town was all o'fire!
 That day we gaily trudg'd to Church,
 And thought to leave all care i'th' lurch;
 But Care, who was not to be jostled,
 The more we ran, the faster buffled,
 And when to leave him we're inclin'd,
 We find he follows close behind.

F. Care! let us cast him far away,
 This, Margery, is our Wedding-day;
 Or if Old Care should follow still,
 And catch us, tho' against our will,
 Let us not plague our heads about him,
 Perhaps we're better than without him.

D. True, Thomas, and to shew we are,
 Let's take the advice of this same Care.
 I'm thinking that our Daughter Mary
 Is now of proper age to marry,
 And Farmer Vincent of the Dale,
 Has told her many an Amorous Tale.
 If Mary's thoughts aright I guess,
 In truth she thinks of nothing less
 Than venturing of the stake for Life,
 By being the young Farmer's Wife.

F. If he and Mary can agree,
 In truth it is a match for me.

52 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

I always think, when young Folks love,
That Parents should not disapprove :
'Tis for themselves the lot they draw,
'Tis not for us to give them Law ;
Parents should give advice of course,
But never think of using force :
Compulsion never yet did well ;
Compulsion is the Child of Hell.

D. I'm glad, dear Thomas, to agree
So heartily in mind with thee :
'To force a Child against her will,
And all her inclinations kill,
A crime is, of so deep a dye,
As gives humanity the lie.
Great folks may do as great folks please,
But can they boast their hearts at ease ?
Can those the human will who force,
And drive old Nature from her course,
Enjoy one hour of calm repose,
Or take that rest which Virtue knows ?

F. Far from it—Pride is ever blind,
Nor hits the mark it seeks to find ;
And those who swerve from Nature's rules,
Will find themselves the worst of Fools.

D. Well then, dear Thomas, we agree
To give our Girl her Liberty ;
To let her take her chance for life,
An honest, virtuous, wedded Wife.

F. Aye

F. Aye—by all means—the sturdy Yeoman
Was ever yet the friend of Woman;
The Friends of Honour, Truth and Love,
May BRITAIN'S FARMERS ever prove!

D I A L O G U E XX.

Between a STOCK-JOBBER and his WIFE.

W. **D**EAR Timothy ('twixt you and I)
Your trade's a constant, daily lie;
A Tricking, Cheating, Filching plan,
To gull the unsuspecting Man:
Vile rumours do you hourly raise,
To set the passions in a blaze;
Then throw cold water on the scheme,
The bubble bursts, and all's a dream!

S. One word, Priscilla, in your ear;
Were I a Bull, and you a Bear,
I'd fairly toss you if I cou'd,
And freely triumph in your blood;
Or change the characters, I'd fight ye,
The Bear at least should strive to bite ye;
And squeeze ye out of all your money,
As German Bears kill bees for honey.

W. Yes, truly, I can well believe
Your Bearship would no quarter give;

54 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

For whoe'er gets within your gripe,
Is instant for destruction ripe:
But does it not your Conscience wound,
To—

S. Conscience! what a vulgar sound!
Conscience! the Devil! She and I
Have many years since bid "Good b'ye."
Conscience! I shall with laughing burst,
To think how some Folks wits are curst!
Dost thou know *Mordecai* the Jew?
Dost thou know little *Aaron* too,
Levi, and *Naphthali*, and *Moses*,
All the long beards and crooked noses?
Full well thou know'st 'em all, and know'st
That I their long acquaintance boast.
The public sickness is their health,
The public poverty their wealth;
And 'tis a base affront, I say,
To deem me less a Jew than they:
I would not *Sampson's* strength should try
A deed more strong in vice than I;
And poor indeed must be my teaching,
If I could want a Woman's preaching.

W. No doubt you've had an education
Has taught you all the tricks in fashion;
But is it consonant with wit,
Or common sense, that you commit
Each various crime that you may know,
To shew how far your Vice can go?

Let

Let me suppose a case, and try
 If I the same can well apply.
 A Man of substance leaves his Wife
 (Dear partner of his former life)
 Five thousand Stock at three per Cent.
 With which she sits her down content ;
 And tho' she long has kept her Coach,
 To walk she now deems no reproach ;
 Possess'd of near three pounds a week,
 For farther pelf she does not seek.
 Now comes the Tragic-Farce you play :
 Pretended news arrives to-day—
 The French are landed—Presto ! fly !
 You propagate the paltry lie ;
 You and your Jews confirm the tale,
 The Stock-holders with fear grow pale :
 Your best advice is ask'd ; you give it ;
 “ Pray, Mr. Bubble, d'ye believe it ? ”
 “ Madam, my last advices say
 They were at Plymouth yesterday ;
 They've ravag'd all, and sack'd the Town,
 And burnt the Church and houses down ;
 And if my Correspondent's right,
 They'll be at Exeter to night.”
 “ O Lord !—What price is Stock ? ” she cries,
 “ No buyers Ma'am ”—With tearful eyes,
 She begs you'll sell out fifteen hundred,
 (So fond are folks of being plunder'd !)

56 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

You'll kindly try to serve the Widow,
 (Ah would she knew as much as I do !)
 You know *one* Gentleman you'll ask ;
 She kindly thanks you for the task.
 'The business very soon is done,
 Else your d—d scheme would all be blown ;
 While she 'twixt hope and terror burns,
 Her faithful Broker quick returns ;
 For her poor Stock he's found a vent,
 At a dead loss of Three per Cent.
 Commission, trouble, and 'tis found
 The Widow's gull'd of Fifty pound.

S. Gull'd ! Gull'd, you Vixen, what d'ye mean?

W. Have patience, I'll the fact explain.
 The stories you yourselves devise ;
 'The papers propagate your lies ;
 Quick thro' the Town the poison runs ;
 Ideal swords, and noiseless guns,
 Like Ghosts to fancy's sight appear ;
 --Besure the Devil's in the rear.
 'The monied people, all aghast,
 From each to other blow the blast ;
 The artful Broker lends a puff,
 A wink, a nod, is quite enough ;
 A shrug confirms the daily lie,
 Fools sell their stock, and Brokers buy.

S. Well, Madam, and thus ends your tale.

W. No, Sir—now different frauds prevail :

The

The Stock thus lower'd by your lies,
 To-morrow finds a way to rise :
 Plymouth is safe, 'twas all a hum,
 The Foe is safely steering home ;
 Spaniards and French are bound to Brest ;—
 CREDULITY must tell the rest.
 Brokers who yesterday have *bought*,
 Now turn the tale as quick as thought ;
 The Public Credit thrives full well,
 And prudent Brokers know to *sell*.

S. Granting the truth of all you say,
 Still “ while the Sun shines make your hay.”
 Fools were created to believe,
 And wit was given us to deceive.

W. D—d doctrine—keep it to yourself,
 I'll not participate the pelf
 Acquir'd by such deceitful task,
 And only held by Falshood's mask.
 Farewel—unfriended and alone,
 I'll seek the path where Honour's known ;
 With her I'll spend my remnant life,
 No mean-soul'd Broker's sordid Wife.

D I A L O G U E XXI.

Between an IRISH FORTUNE-HUNTER and
his WIFE, two Days after Marriage.

W. **A**ND is it thus that you deceive me ?
Can you thus basely mean to leave me,
Or ere the Honey-moon be past ?
Sure, Sir, you're in a wond'rous haste.

F. Madam, shall I declare the truth ?
You sought for health, and strength and youth,
And I for money :—both have found
Their warmest wishes amply crown'd :
Both sought, but sought in vain, a heart ;
'Tis therefore time that we should part ;
Your mind but seeks the Men to vex,
While mine is form'd for all the Sex.

W. Impostor ! Is it thus you try
Poor Woman's fond credulity ?
Poor Woman ! born but to believe,
While Men seek only to deceive !
What was it in that bungling form
My unsuspecting breast could warm ?
What is there in that specious face,
Of more than usual manly grace,
That my poor heart should lose its health,
And pine till I had lost my wealth ?
Ah ! now too late grown wise, I find
That honour dwells not with Mankind.

F. Honour,

F. Honour, my Honey ! faith 'tis true
I've just as much of that as you.
You fought t'entrap, from Lake Killarney,
An Irish Boy, who mark'd your blarney,
Who saw that you'd be taking in,
And thought to *chate* you was no sin ;
So ends the squabble now for life :
You've got a husband, I a wife ;
But with this difference on my side,
I *lave* you while almost a Bride,
And with me take your fortune too,
The greatest loss you have to rue.

W. And will you go ?

F. Ay faith I will,
And better far than that I still
Should with my wedded spouse remain,
For I have cares would cost her pain.
The just-contracted debts I owe,
Are more than she shall ever know,
For faith, the honest truth to say,
They're more than all her wealth can pay.

W. Then let us starve together—

F. No,
The Fates, my dear, won't have it so :
In Heaven it long since was decreed
That you should satisfy my need :
These Jewels, and the Cash I hold,
All sterling Cash of British Gold,

60 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

In any realm will get a Wife,
 With whom to tread the road of Life.
 In Foreign Climes I cannot fear
 The debts I have contracted here ;
 And you your generous Stars may bless,—
 —Who nothing has, can't well have less.
 Riches, you know, the Wise Men say,
 Make to them wings, and fly away ;
 When Women, fond of Teagues, will marry 'em,
 Teagues are the faithful Birds that carry 'em.

W. Monster of all thy Country's crew !
 What ! Rob me, and insult me too ?
 Be gone—

F. Nay, Madam, I am going,
 But one respect I would be shewing ;
 I *have* a fortune in your hand,
 That will be still at your command ;
 Be decent still in all your carriage,
 Keep your certificate of marriage ;
 The debts that you contract are mine,
 And you with any *she* may shine,
 In pride and elegance of life,
 A high-bred, fashionable wife ;
 Tho' Creditors your peace molest,
 No Bailiffs dare your house invest :
 And when you've worn one lodging out,
 Why—'tis but fairly turn about ;
 Seek a new residence, and then,
 Begin the tricking trade again.

Now

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 61

Now on the ground full humbly kneel,
With thanks for secrets I reveal ;
Secrets to which may well be owing,
Your blifs—Your Servant—I am going :
Your Fortune, like an elder brother
I take,—but then I leave another ;
A Fortune that will laft for life
For Teague O'Connor's happy wife.

W. Villain !

F. Nay, Madam, like enough ;
You *virtuous* Folks are always rough,
And will be treating with neglect
The Men who use you with respect :
But to convince you I'm your friend,
And wish this cause a happy end,
Take these three fhillings—If you're wife
For a new Husband advertife,
(You may be much the better for 't,
Nor will I interrupt your sport
This Country's far too hot for me)
And gull the Fool, as I gull'd thee.— [Exit.]

W. From me let haplefs Woman learn,
That Marriage is a great concern,
And ere ſhe binds herſelf for life,
Beſure the husband's worth the wife.

62 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

DIALOGUE XXII.

Between a very OLD HUSBAND, and his very
YOUNG WIFE.

W. OLD age has Wisdom, people say,
And, for aught I can tell, it may;
But truth, Sir, 'twas not mighty wise
For you on me to fix your eyes.
I wonder what my Father thought,
Merely to *sell* because you *bought*.
These Smithfield bargains are a curse;
You take “for better and for worse:”
I know not what they mean by *better*,
But since I wore the marriage fetter,
All has been worse and worse with me,
Nor end of misery can I see.

H. What can I say to your complaint?
A Woman's Whims would vex a Saint.
Is it on grandeur that you fix
Your hopes?—I keep a Coach and Six.
Four powder'd Raggamuffins wait
Your hours of leisure or of state:
Five Maids the household cares attend,
(Alas! my cares will have no end!)
And your own Woman's always ready
To flatter, or to dress *My Lady*.

W. Alas, Sir John! all this is true,
Yet I'm dissatisfied with you;

For

For youth and age no more agree,
Than blooming twig with sapless tree:

H. Aye!—blooming—sapless—that's the chord
You constant strike, to vex your Lord:
Suppose me twice your age, what then?

W. Twice Sir—I beg you'll guess again;
More than three times, if right I've reckon'd;
My twentieth year, your sixty-second;
Can these, my charming Spouse, agree?
Ere I'm of age, you're sixty-three;
And while I hold my vernal bloom,
You'll moulder in the lifeless tomb.

H. That's what you wish, you Vixen, that
Is what your Sex would all be at;
You only marry us, in the view
To have a speedy burial too;
Then wed some Rake, and you're accurst
More with the second than the first.

W. Grant what you say as truth were plain,
Can you have reason to complain?
You wed us, with a fancied fire,
To gratify a base desire,
And take a Virgin to your bed,
With vigour—only in the head.
But is it true, Sir—for your sake
I ask it—Is each Youth a Rake?
If so, we cannot be accurst
More with the second than the first;

For

64 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

For surely Age and rank Disease,
With Woman have less chance to please,
Less chance to satisfy desires,
Than youth, with only *fancied* fires.

H. Hence Cockatrice, and spread your wiles
For those who may adore your smiles,
And leave to ~~me~~, my well-earn'd fate,
REPENTANCE, which but comes too late !
I'm lost, undone,—you've broke your vow ;
I feel the horns e'en budding now :
Be gone—

W. Indeed I won't, Sir Thomas,
Faithful I'll keep my marriage promise ;
Nurse you, *for better and for worse*,
Tho' duty should become a curse ;
What I have vow'd I'll well perform,
And, Sailor-like, outride the storm ;
Each passing gale I anxious court,
And wish you *speedily in port*.

D I A L O G U E XXIII.

Between an AMERICAN PLANTER, and his
WIFE.

P. **A**LAS Eliza ! Woe is me !
This is a day of misery ;
A day of such compleat distress
That Fiends themselves would wish it less ;

For

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 65

For Fiends could some compassion show,
 Compar'd with those who strike this blow.
 What had we done to Britain's Sons,
 That thus with murderous swords and guns,
 They drive us from our calm retreats,
 Our happy, our paternal seats,
 Drive us to want, and every woe,
 That hearts susceptible can know?

W. 'Tis not in Britain's *native* breast
 To rob a Brother of his rest ;
 'Tis not thro' choice the deed is done,
 'Tis curs'd compulsion loads the gun ;
 'Tis force, not will, that points the dart
 That's levell'd at the free-born heart.
 Bravery and Britain concord hold,
 And soft-ey'd Mercy marks the bold.
 Remember then the Poet's strain,
 And sing it o'er and o'er again ;
 " Cowards are cruel, but the Brave
 Love Mercy, and delight to save."

P. Be this the test, by which to try
 These boasted Sons of Liberty :
 If honestly we can, we'll save
 Their *Reputation* from the grave ;
 But much I fear that I shall show
 'Twas dead and buried long ago.

W. Be candid then, nor let us ask
 Invention's aid in this day's task.

66 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

P. I will—but Candour cannot steel
My heart so far I may not feel;
Feel for my Country's load of woes,
And all her agonizing throes!
Her interest, nearest to that heart,
With my life's blood alone shall part!

Our ancestors, in times long past,
Sought refuge in the desert waste;
From base oppression did they fly,
For shelter of the Western Sky;
With genuine Resolution arm'd,
With zeal for true Religion warm'd,
They brav'd the storms, outrode the wind,
And left their Country far behind.
Fix'd in the lone retreat, they strove
To make the Wilderness a grove;
The stubborn glebe they chearful broke,
The Forest yielded to their stroke;
First huts, then villages, were seen
Close on the margin of the Green;
Plantations rose on every side,
The Country's wonder, and its pride;
While every Peasant, as he stands,
Smiles at the labours of his hands,
And grateful lifts his eyes to Heaven,
For all the blessings God has given.

Now little Commonwealths were rear'd
And humble Government appear'd;

The

The sacred Fane, the rising Spire,
 Warm'd them with true Devotion's fire;
 Nor doubting but the bliss would last,
 They worship GOD for all that's past.

Another year more bounteous yields
 The copious harvest of the Fields;
 And now, as Labour rests a while,
 Content and Plenty know to smile;
 While fond Paternal Love, with glee
 Surveys his smiling Progeny;
 And tracing, in the Infant's face,
 The Father's strength, the Mother's grace,
 Dreams, fondly dreams, of bliss unknown,
 For rising FREEMEN of his own!

And now a brighter scene appears,
 And widens with increase of years;
 Commerce her infant sails unfurl'd,
 Looks out and hails the Eastern World;
 But Britain chief, her fav'rite Isle,
 Attracts her view, and wins her smile;
 Thither she bends, with all her charms,
 And fondly round her throws her arms.
 Nor Britain now disdains to prove
 Each warm endearment of her love.
 One interest binds th' enchanted pair,
 The same their hope, the same their care:
 A triple bond they gladly see
 Of Language, Trade, and Liberty.

At three-

68 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

A threefold cord, that strongly binds,
And charms, and fills, consenting minds.

W. Thus far the picture strikes the eye,
Thus far it warms the Heart;
What pity that so sweet a tie
Was ever form'd—to part!

P. Hear on, Eliza, while I tell,
How from this bliss our Country fell;
How Britain, to herself untrue,
Her vitals stabs by injuring you.

Long had the sacred knot been tied,
Our fame and theirs spread far and wide,
The Parent State still hail'd her son,
And thank'd him for his duty done;
The Son, ambitious still to show
The duty he but wish'd to owe,
Strain'd every nerve, in serious proof
That Virtue never stands aloof
When Honour calls.—Our hardy Youth,
Firm fix'd in principles of truth,
Now boldly took the tented field,
And fiercely fought, and scorn'd to yield:
Equal their purses, and their blood
Flow'd, liberal flow'd, for Britain's good.
They fought, they conquer'd.—England knows
Her hardy Sons were bold in blows.
Nor ever had she cause to scorn
Her Children Trans-Atlantic born:

No—

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES: 69

No—She could hug them to her breast;—
Let Faithful History tell the rest.

W. Be you th' Historian; I shall reap
A mournful pleasure while I weep.

P. At length, full flush'd with power and pride,
While Britain proudly rode the tide,
And, with a wide-extended sweep,
Claim'd to be Mistress of the deep;
A cursed venal crew arose,
To Honour, Faith, and Virtue foes;
Base-minded, sordid, wretched elves,
Who feeling, felt but for themselves;
And, dead to all that warms the Soul,
Would subjugate to their controul
The rights of Freemen. Need I say
What curses follow'd that black day,
When the Divan of Fools and Knaves
Sought, basely sought, to make us Slaves?
A Tax was then the general cry,
And let the Savage pay or die:
But the poor Savage plainly saw
That Nature, Reason, Justice, Law,
Their strong-united powers combin'd,
Enforc'd the Freedom of the mind,
And that the Man of gen'rous soul
Disdain'd to act by base controul.
A Tax on Tea was first design'd,
While various mischief lurk'd behind;

For all was meant as vile controul,
 To subjugate the free-born soul;
 Fell Tyranny be sure was near,
 And base-born Slavery clos'd the rear.
 'Twas then our Countrymen first saw
 Oppression in the form of Law:
 Their high-born souls disdain'd the yoke,
 And generous Freemen freely spoke;
 Frequent in high Assembly sate,
 An Empire's welfare their debate.

Anxious to shew where ~~once~~ was love
 Should love continue, still they strove,
 But strove in vain, by reason's force,
 That Justice still should keep her course:
 Their plaints were handed to the throne,
 But still despis'd, as if unknown:
 Each month, and each succeeding year,
 But made the truth too plain appear.

No more Bellona veils her charms;
 Recourse must now be had to arms:—
 You know the rest:—

W. Too well I know!

For me and mine have felt the blow;
 The ravag'd Towns now rise in flame,
 To build the Vagrant Warrior's name;
 The Village smokes, the Fields decay,
 And all our Prospects melt away!

P. Not so—Our glorious prospects rise,
And warm our hearts, and charm our eyes.
Why should a partial loss controul
Our generous wishes for the whole?
E'en now I see the Fabric stand,
Its shade wide-spreading o'er the land,
Which shall to future times preserve
The bliss that Freemen can deserve,
(Whose loss shall every Slave lament)
RELIGION, PLENTY, PEACE, CONTENT!

DIALOGUE XXIV.

Between a MARRIED COUPLE on a mutual
Jealousy.

H. **T**IS now three years since we were
married,
And all my fondest hopes miscarried!
Three years severe they've been to me,
Tortur'd with Love and Jealousy;
Love as intense as ere was known,
With pangs and torments all my own.

W. Your own indeed! For none but you
Could doubt a heart so fond and true.

H. So fond! O grant me patience Heaven!
To Woman from the first 'twas given

Man

72 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Man to deceive—The first fair she,
 (Picture of what thou art to me)
 In Paradise could take no rest,
 Till she had stabb'd her husband's breast;
 Had robb'd that breast of all its peace,
 And taught it every woe's increase;
 And more to magnify the evil,
 Her LOVE, like thine, appear'd the DEVIL.

W. What mean you, base, impatient Man?
 By your own actions mine you scan.
 Your crimes, you think, in secret lie,
 Tho' obvious to the public eye.
 There's not a common Girl in Town
 To whom your person is not known,
 And few there are, if Fame says true,
 That have not cause for knowing you;
 Then surely you, of all Men living,
 Should scorn to talk of my deceiving.

H. Proof, Madam, cursed proof, there lies
 That I'm a Fool, and you're not Wise.
 With utmost skill your Love you've chosen;
 The Captain—your convenient Cousin,
 Who visits without beat of Drum,
 And visits still when I'm from home.
 Doubtless the Captain is polite,
 To serenade his nymph by night:
 A Spanish custom, Ma'am, d'ye see—

W. Yes, Sir,—and so is Jealousy,

Curs'd

Curs'd Jealousy, which racks your brain,
 And tortures you to give me pain.
 Yet not to let this matter cool,
 And lose the laughing at a Fool,
 Suppose, for once, my Spark and me,
 As fond as fondness' self should be:
 Suppose our thoughts on Love were bent,
 Suppose our time in dalliance spent;
 'Tis not less insolent than vain
 In you, as injur'd, to complain.
 For ah, good Sir, too well I know
 To what dear she you daily go,
 Who 'tis receives you in her arms,
 And yields you all her boasted charms:
 Lucinda is the girl carest,
 Lucinda, happiest of the blest!

H. Lucinda! what Lucinda, pray?

W. The Lady that I saw this day,
 Crossing Pall-mall—In her's your hand,
 And all her heart at your command.

H. Love in her eyes, you think?—

W. I do;

Passion libidinous for you.

H. Heav'n grant, for your's, and for my sake,
 I labour'd with a like mistake!

The Lady that you seem to fear,

That Lady is my Sister dear;

That Charlotte whom you've heard me name;

E

But

74 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

But see she comes—

W. By Heav'ns the same!

H. See, Charlotte, my unhappy Wife,
With jealous pangs who racks her life;
And gives but endless cause to me,
For more than equal Jealousy.

W. Your pardon, Madam—No, Sir, no,
The dreaded cause of all your woe
Is my fond Brother—anxious still
To make me blest against my will,
And banish from a Sister's breast
The pang that robb'd her soul of rest;
Full oft we've met—

Ch. I see the case—
Now each put on the kindest face,
While I an Arbitress appear,
To settle what's already clear:
You, Madam, dearly love my Brother,
As he loves you—tho' each to other
Has been a plague thus far in Life,
Here ends the Matrimonial Strife.
Would all fond pairs could say so ends!
Come—join your hands, and kiss, and friends.

DIALOGUE XXV.

Between a MISER and his GENEROUS
WIFE.

M. **T**HESE doings, Madam, shall not be;
You'll bring me down to penury.

W. Ha! ha! 'tis excellently spoke,
Faith, Sir, you're clever at a joke:
Bring *you* to want, you Wretch! 'tis clear
I can but keep you where you are:
Since the first hour you drew your breath
You've only led a *living death*:
You starve, as all your friends remember,
From January to December.
Friends! No—you knew not Friendship's power
E'en from your cradle to this hour;
Friendship's an ever-sacred flame,
Of which you've only heard the name:
The Wretch who doats upon his pelf,
And feels for no one but himself—

M. Peace, Madam—

W. Such a Wretch, I say,
Who racks his mind both night and day,
By base contrivances to try
To give his appetite the lie;
Who like a Beggar wraps him up,
And having half-din'd, fears to sup,

76 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Or sups on scraps his dogs would leave,
 Proud if he can those dogs bereave
 Of one poor morsel—Who denies
 To Hunger's call, and Misery's cries,
 The Orts that from his table fall,
 Yet still afraid to swallow all,
 In dread the next day's scanty board
 Should prey upon his fordid hoard :
 Such Wretches—

M. Hold your cursed tongue ;
 I will be heard, or right or wrong.
 'Tis vile extravagant profusion
 That brings on families confusion ;
 Not satisfy'd with wholesome meat,
 Each common dinner is a treat.
 Good Pork and Veal you scarce will cut on,
 And tofs your nose at Beef and Mutton.
 Game, Poultry, Venison, costly Fish,
 Is sure to load the daily dish ;
 As if my income could afford
 Th' expence of living like a Lord.

W. Your income, good Sir Peter's clear
 Of tax, three thousand pounds a year ;
 No Brother, Sister, Child, have you,
 (Alas ! I know the latter true !)
 No Soul for whom you MUST provide
 But me, your half-unwedded Bride,
 Who, since I feel so little joy
 In Wedlock, and so much to cloy,

Am

Am still resolv'd, so far I'm true t'ye,
That well I will discharge one duty :
Mean tho' you are, it shan't be said
Sir Peter's household wanted bread ;
That he refus'd the Rich to treat,
Or to the Poor the broken meat.

M. Why, Cockatrice, you'll break my heart.

W. No, Sir, we sha'nt so quickly part.

M. I'll hang myself—

W. First make your Will,
And in it prove you love me still ;
Leave first your ample store to me,
And then some trifling Legacy.
A Thousand to the needy Poor ;
To honest Girls a Thousand more,
To get them Husbands : then d'ye see
Item—Marine Society,
Five Hundred present money clear, (
And Five-and-twenty pounds a Year :—
Item—

M. O d—n your Items all ;
I shall run mad—

W. To Doctor Ball,
The worthy Rector, Fifty Pounds—
And Forty—

M. D—me, Madam, zounds

78 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Where is all this to come from? Where?

W. And Forty shillings once a year,
To preach a Sermon on your death,
And blefs you with his annual breath.

M. Oh curse *your* breath, I wish 'twere stopt—

W. Right—in my head this moment popt
Another Legacy, my dear;—
Item—a Hundred Pounds a year
To th' Foundling Hospital—to pay
The frolics of your youthful day:
Then to the Magdalen—

M. Now hear me;
Tho', Madam, thus you strive to jeer me;
Know 'tis my well fix'd resolution,
To stop in time your vile profusion:
No more the daily feast you keep,
No more you rob yourself of sleep,
Presiding at the midnight treat:—

W. Nay, good Sir Peter, I must eat;
So shall your friends, and welcome too,
By me, at least, if not by you.

M. My Cash I'll keep—

W. I'll run in debt;
You have not lost your credit yet;
And while Sir Peter keeps his health,
And rolls in unknown stores of wealth,
His wife of credit cannot fail:

M. I'll advertise—I'll go to Jail.

W. Go

W. Go to the Devil if you chuse it,
 You've Cash enough, and I shall use it.
 I will not hear the Wretches cries,
 While all your treasure useleſs lies :
 My Neighbours ſhall our ſtore partake,
 And bleſs the Miſer for my ſake :
 Nay, ſome ſurpriz'd, will liſt their hands,
 And think 'tis all by your commands ;
 Nor will I undeceive them ;—you
 Shall have the praiſe that's not your due.

M. Once more I ſwear I'll hang myſelf—

W. Do, Love—but firſt bequeath your ſelf ;
 Your Will thus made, perhaps 'tis beſt :
 Good b'ye—a halter does the reſt.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

Between a PHYSICIAN and his WIFE.

W. **H**OW long ago d'ye think it, Doctor,
 Since the Civilians and the Proctor
 A Licence gave, that you and me
 Should aid each other's miſery,
 And drag the tedious load of life,
 No Huſband, and but half a Wife ?

P. Strange Woman ! wherefore do you aſk,
 But to impoſe an odious taſk ?

80 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Full well you know 'tis fifteen years,
Since I've been wedded to my cares;
Since, day and night, I've had no quiet,
No peace from your eternal riot:
What have I done that I should prove
The cause of Hate, instead of Love?

W. 'Tis not what you have done, dear Sir,
But left undone, that makes this stir.
" Full fifteen years, and ne'er a Child!"
(Cried Mrs. Prim, and then she smil'd;)
" Why sure the Doctor's much engag'd;
" His Lady is not over-ag'd;
" She wants some years of forty yet;
" Faith 'tis enough to make her fret."
Thus all the Neighbours speak their mind,
And pity me that you're unkind.
E'en the pert Curate's Wife declar'd
She thought my case was wond'rous hard—
And if her husband serv'd her so,
She would have left him long ago.
Thus each at me must have her stroke,
In earnest half, and half in joke.

P. These Womens tongues must be in use,
And all their business is abuse;
'Twere better far, for them and theirs,
They'd mind their Family affairs,
And shew their judgment and their learning,
On matters they have some concern in.

W. Concern

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 81

W. Concern in! every Woman deems
Wedlock and Love her lawful themes,
On which, whatever may be spoke,
It is her privilege to joke:
And e'en her honour would she barter,
Rather than violate her charter.
For instance now, 'twixt you and me,
The Female Congress all agree
That, as our Labours come to nought,
On one side there must be a fault;
And truly, if I can divine,
It is not to be found on mine;
For always have I been compliant:
To your most sovereign will—

P. O fie on't!

What, Madam! will you never learn:
That modesty's the great concern,
The genuine business of your life,
And that of every other wife?

W. That MODESTY's a Queen I own,
Nor would I violate her throne;
Thrice sacred is she held by me,
And I admire her Majesty;
Thro' my whole life will I defend her;
What have I said that can offend her?

P. You do not say, but you imply—

W. Now, Doctor, 'tis my turn—O fie!
Your thoughts my freest thoughts prevent;
You find out meanings never meant,

82 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

And are of mortals sure the oddest
That ever deem'd his wife immodest.

P. Immodesty's as frequent found
On married, as on other ground :
'Tis not the sacred tie that binds
Our bodies, that can fix our minds ;
And many married folks, we see,
Are tied but to become more free.

W. Allow'd, Sir ; but would you apply
The case of those to you and I ?
Have I a hint like this deserv'd ?
From duty have I ever swerv'd ?
Can Scandal's fetid breath defame
The sacred honour of my name ?

P. And what, dear Madam, have I done ?

W. Why, Sir, we end as we begun ;
Sins of *omission* lay with you,
And well you know the charge is true :
And now, to set the balance even,
What you *commit* may be forgiven.

P. A Truce, then, to this wordy war,
A Dozen Patients want my care ;
Their woes demand my utmost skill ;
I leave you much against my will.

W. Farewell, nor blame me if I'm bold
To say you one untruth have told ;
You've skill, Sir, and can well divine
A Cure for every ill but mine.

D I A-

DIALOGUE XXVII.

Between a METHODIST PARSON and his
SHE SAINT.

W. **P**RAY Husband, when will *John* be here,
John Lankhead, from Northamptonshire?
That Man is so divine a Preacher,
So sanctified, so sweet a Teacher,
So comfortable are his groans,
And so harmonious are his tones,
His sobs and sighs so graceful blended,
That long ere his discourse is ended,
The Women all go near to faint,
In rapture at so sweet a Saint;
Their sighs with his they fondly mix,
On his dear eyes their eyes they fix,
While all their heaving bosoms throb,
And every sigh creates a sob.

H. Hey-day! how long has John—

W. Pray hear,
I'll interrupt not you, my dear:
What was I saying?—"sob and sigh;"
Ah! but to think on't makes one cry:
'Till groans, and sobs, and sighs, and wailing,
(Those emblems of our Mortal failing)
Give us to feel the pungent force
Of John's mysterious discourse;

84 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

And then the Spirit does so ply us,
 No wonder we become so pious.
 All now is calm and cool within,
 Of Comfort much, and nought of Sin :
 In peace we to our homes depart,
 With placid looks, and ease at heart ;
 While all our wishes only stray
 Toward John, and his next preaching day.

H. Say on—

W. At present I have done.

H. In truth a glorious piece of Fun !
 So John, by his infernal bawling,
 Will rob my shop, and hurt my calling :
 That Preacher whom your sex admire,
 Who knows to set your hearts on fire,
 To warm the passions of the weak,
 No other living need to seek :
 All London will pursue the Man
 Who artful acts on such a plan,
 And Husbands, 'gainst their wills, must go,
 If Wives declare it shall be so :
 Or should one husband, in despite,
 But dare assert his genuine right,
 And should his Parish Church frequent,
 His conduct he will soon repent.
 Who comes not to our House of Pray'r,
 Of misery quickly finds his share ;
 Who comes not to our Raree-show,
 May take his Seat in Cuckold's Row :

Nor

Nor is there any crime in this ;
 Who acts not with us acts amiss.
 We are the true Elect, decreed
 To deal to sinful man his meed ;
 Heaven's judgments are at our command ;
 We " deal damnation round the Land ;" *
 And those who feel our weighty curse,
 Need live in fear of nothing worse.

W. Then let us sit us down content,
 Thankful for all the comforts sent ;
 And let us spend each hour in glee,
 And laugh at greater Fools than we.

H. Why this were well enough, 'tis true,
 But first, dear Wife, one word with you.
 Of our friend John so warm you speak,
 Another shop he soon must seek ;
 No more he comes within my doors,
 To make my Godly Women whores :
 If he has powers like those you paint,
 I gain ten Sinners for one Saint,
 And John will quickly run away
 With all my trade, and all my pay ;
 For our Religion were but seeming,
 But for the influence of the Women.
 Who are they that subscribe to us,
 And for our Nonsense make such fuss,
 But Women, who thro' all their life
 May least deserve the name of Wife,

* Pope's Universal Prayer.

Who

86 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Who leave their family affairs,
To groan at our affected Prayers?

W. 'Tis true, but while the Women groan,
We know the Men are all our own;
No husband dare refuse his purse,
On pain o'th' matrimonial curse;
And who'd provoke a Woman's spleen,
That knows what her revenge may mean?

H. Not I indeed—I'd more to say,
But pass it till another day:
In the mean time let us contrive
To keep Religion's flame alive;
For while the Saints will sigh and groan,
The Shillings, Wife, are all our own.

D I A L O G U E XXVIII.

Between a COURTIER and his LADY.

G. **M**ADAM, all night, and half the day,
You spend in this accursed play.
My fortune can no more support
My rank and splendor at the Court,
And at the same time give you power
To lose your hundreds in an hour.
My Tenants are Rack-rented now,
And simply say, and swear, and vow,

That:

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 87

That if a farther tax is laid,
That tax can ne'er by them be paid.
My Steward says no cash remains
Of all the last year's ample gains,
And when the next supply is wanted,
'Twill not be in his power to grant it.

L. Such Wretches! Wherefore such a fuss?
What is their want of Cash to us?
The Steward! Fellow! let him borrow;—
I'll not indulge one moment's sorrow,
How, or which way the cash arise,
So the Rouleaus but bless my eyes.
Borrow! yes—seldom comes the day
But Stewards can themselves repay
With their Lord's Cash; and fact has shown
The frequent lending of their own.

C. Madam, 'tis much disgrace a Peer,
With eighteen thousand pounds a year,
Should, with a sneaking face, submit
Humbly to borrow part of it
From his own Servants. O, I blush
E'en at the thought—

L. Hush, good Sir, hush:
False Modesty will do no good,
Nor does the action taint your blood.
How many greater Men than you
Much meaner actions daily do?

He

88 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

He who the public faith deceives,
And yet the public cash receives ;
He who destroys the public health,
Yet riots on the Nation's wealth ;
All those who do not as they ought,
Or take large sums for doing nought,
Bring on themselves a deeper flur,
Than you by borrowing can incur,
And—

C. Madam, if you mean that this
Should pass as reason, far amiss,
Far wide of truth you seek the mark,
And blunder only in the dark.
Is others acting wrong, a cause
Why I pervert fair Reason's laws ?
From others folly can arise
One single proof that I am wise ?
Ah no ! and if such proof I seek,
'Twere farther proof that I were weak.
A Shilling never will I borrow
On terms like these—

L. My debts to-morrow,
My debts of honour must be paid ;

C. Go, Madam, where those debts were made :
Ask wretches of the Gaming trade
If they your honour will support ?

L. Why, Sir, I shall be made their sport ;

Each

Each passing hour I shall be dunn'd,
And still at every table shunn'd.

C. If that were all, I could sustain,
For years of bliss, the present pain ;
Once certain you could game no more,
Chearful I'd pay the present score ;
But no—if that were once discharg'd,
The debt would quickly be enlarg'd ;
Day after day a fresh demand
Would claim the bounty of my hand,
And every rising Sun would see
Addition to my misery ;
Here then I stop—

L. And I begin ;
The Devil always tempts to Sin ;
'Twas he that first invented gaming,
And every action there's a shame in.
The Woman who shall take upon her
Once to discharge her debts of honour,
May do't, whate'er the World shall say,
In no right honourable way.

C. I understand you, and will prove,
That Prudence knows to combat Love.
I yield not—Act as you think best ;
—I leave to Heaven and you the rest.
Tho' in the honour of a Wife
A Man should trust his heart for life,
And in her bosom should repose
His joys and griefs, his cares and woes ;

With

With Gambling let that Wife be curst,
He'll find his hopes all laid in dust !

D I A L O G U E XXIX.

Between a MEMBER of PARLIAMENT and
his LADY.

L. **T**HES E are sad hours, Sir James—
M. They are,

But State Affairs demand our care :

The Senate was in high debate,

No wonder I am home so late.

L. So soon you mean ;—the Clock struck four:
Just as your Carriage reach'd the door :
What could detain you till these hours
Were worth enquiry—

M. O the powers,
The wond'rous powers of Edmund Burke !
Faith, Madam, he has made fine work
With your friend North, and all the tribe ;
The *callow, Trans-Atlantic Scribe*,
The *drunken Secretary* too,
Old *Twitcher*, and his venal crew ;
Contractors, Rogues of every sort,
Who bask and fatten round the Court.

L. Ah Sir ! it is not all the force
Of Edmund's flowery discourse ;

'Tis

'Tis not the instances he brings,
 Of Kings depos'd, or murder'd Kings;
 'Tis not the Tales he knows to tell,
 How wicked Ministers have fell;
 'Tis not the Scripture texts he quotes,
 Nor all the hints in all his notes,
 Can for one single vote prevail,
 To turn the Ministerial scale!
 When Edmund's gay discourse is ended,
 Howe'er with flowers and tropes 'tis blended,
 Boreas shall turn it all to fun,
 Count noses—and the work is done.

M. Allow'd;—but for the Patriot band,
 What would become of this poor land?
 Who is't but us that save the Nation
 From the most foul contamination?
 Who is't the public weal would carry,
 But Townsend, Lutt'rell, Fox, and Barré,
 Wilkes, Saville, Sawbridge, and a score
 Of such determin'd Heroes more?
 But for these hardy wights, who prop
 The public cause, that cause would drop;
 All would confusion be, and ruin,
 And England weep her own undoing.

L. I grant, that if the Patriot few
 Some things could carry, some undo,
 New Laws could make, reform the old,
 Our Constitution could re-mould,

And,

And, farther still, if they could make
 Men virtuous for the Virtue's sake,
 It were worth while to sit all night,
 On high debate of wrong and right :
 But as we see 'tis now the curse
 That things but grow from bad to worse,
 'Tis that Laws are framing every day,
 For Lawyers to explain away,
 And others, by the dint of knaves,
 But tend to make the people slaves,
 'Tis merely labour spent in vain,
 One vote for Freedom to obtain.

M. Not so—for while the people see
 One sacred band for Liberty,
 One Phalanx for Old Freedom stand,
 Ere yet she quit her native land,
 No Tyrant dare our rights invade,
 But at the peril of his head ;
 Nor one of all the herd of slaves,
 Who flatter Kings, and bow to Knaves,
 Whate'er pretence he makes to rest,
 But lives with daggers in his breast :
 For well the petty Tyrants feel
 Th' historic force of Felton's steel :
 E'en while they swell away in sin,
 The poignard irritates within ;
 And all they wish, and all they hope
 To gain an easier death,—a Rope.

DIALOGUE XXX.

Between a LOVER and his MISTRESS, the former being jealous of the latter.

L. **W**HEN Women know we are in love,
 They think their faults we must approve,
 And, truth to say, 'tis mighty common
 For Man to be the Dupe of Woman ;
 But, thanks to Heaven, I boast a soul
 That scorns to yield to such controul.
 Sincerely have I lov'd you long,
 And told my flame in many a Song :
 Well pleas'd you read my ditties o'er,
 And fann'd a flame that burnt the more :
 Raptur'd I saw your bloom of youth,
 And fancied you were nought but truth :
 Well pleas'd I heard your accents fall,
 The sound of Love I thought in all,
 And every word, and every look,
 With pleasing pain my frame has shook ;
 But now, ah now ! devoid of rest,
 A different passion fills my breast.

M. Strange language, Sir ! And this from you
 Whom I was taught to think as true
 As truth itself ;—whose flame I deem'd
 Pure as the light from Heaven that's beam'd ;
 Whose honour I had held as clear
 As noon-day Sun, or midnight star,

And

And would as soon my life foregone,
And sworn nor Star nor Sun had shone,
As doubted—

L. Wherefore then the deed
Which wrings my heart, and makes it bleed,
Bleed with an agonizing pain,
And pour fresh streams thro' every vein?
Oh! I'm distracted—

M. So should I,
But that my feelings give the lie
To every vile surmise you frame,
To blot a spotless Virgin's fame.

L. Here—read this Letter;—and then tell
If a black scroll, contriv'd by Hell,
By each malicious Fiend design'd,
Could work more torments in my mind.

M. Ha! Meeting! Affignation! Love!
How easy now it were to prove
This letter forg'd?—but I despise
The task of giving you new eyes;
Besides, my Love, it were unkind
To give eyes to the wilful blind.

L. Nay, Madam, sneering will not do:
I could not thus have treated you.

M. Treat me! yourself you treat amiss;
Plain common sense must laugh at this;
Cannot you guess who wrote this fame?

L. Guess? See I not the writer's name?

A name,

A name, alas ! too well I know,
 My bitter, nay, my only foe ;
 Charles Freeman ;—but his life shall pay
 The base-born treachery of this day ;
 I go—

M. Nay Charles, Sir, is your Friend,
 I must not let this matter end
 In murder, or I would enjoy
 The pains you take but to destroy
 Your peace of mind, and wound my fame,
 On the vile forgery of a name.

L. Forgery ?

M. Forgery, I say ; ah would that you
 As this is false, were half as true !
 Indeed I did not think to ask,
 And own 'tis an ungrateful task ;
 But when and how did you obtain
 The scrawl that gives you all this pain ?

L. Last night I walk'd the garden late,
 To meet the girl that binds my fate :
 Fair shone the Moon—beneath yon tree
 This fatal billet did I see ;
 I took, I read it—guess the rest ;
 Ten thousand torments fir'd my breast ;
 Swift from the fatal spot I flew,
 And swore revenge on him and you.
 From that sad hour no rest I've known,
 But liv'd 'midst torments all my own :

And

96 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

And now I came to bid adieu
To you, and all your Sex for you ;
For sure, thought I, if she's unkind,
No love can faithless Woman bind !

M. Nay, now I pity you ;—but see
Who 'tis has caus'd this misery :
My Sister's hand—

L. Heaven blefs my fight !
I read it not since yesternight :
Your falshood I had thought so plain,
I nurs'd my woe, and cherish'd pain :
But can you now forgive ?

M. Forgive ?
You know for you alone I live :
I can forgive and pity too ;
The jealous heart is often true :
But henceforth set that heart at rest,
Nor let such torments fire your breast :
In my unshaken faith confide,
Tho' doubting all the World beside.

L. Ten thousand thanks my lovely maid,
But why of Wedlock then afraid ?
O bind your fate to mine for life,
And take th' endearing name of wife.

M. To-morrow be that theme pursu'd ;
To-night we'll talk of love renew'd :
Talk down the Moon—then rise and sing—

L. The Licence, and the Wedding-ring ;

By

By this dear kifs it fhall be fo ;
Shan't it my Love ?

M. If I fay No
You'll not believe me ; and for Yes
'Tis a ftrange word—fo live and guefs.

L. From this dear hour I date my blifs,
And feal it with a Bridal Kifs.

D I A L O G U E XXXI.

Between a MAN-MIDWIFE and *his* WIFE.

W. **S**TRANGE is the bufinefs you purfue,
To me, at leaft, if not to you ;
Indelicate in high degree,
And fhocking to all modetty !

M. Wife Men much otherwife have thought,
And very different doctrine taught ;
They fay that Women are not fhall'd,
In desperate cafe relief to yield ;
And many a Woman would be loft,
After long time in torment toft,
If fhall and judgment were not call'd,
To fave the more than half appall'd :
Who then fo fit as Man to free
Poor Woman from her Mifery ?
In knowledge deep, in Science fhall'd,
At trifles they difdain to yield.

F

W. Granted

98 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

W. Granted—And for this reason, I
Must question long as you reply :
'Tis just this matter of disdain,
That puts our Sex to utmost pain ;
Incapable of feeling for us,
Each Coxcomb his instructions borrows,
From ancient fools of high renown,
And deals his doctrines thro' the Town ;
'Till every silly Woman dreams,
That all the Doctor's idle schemes,
(Founded in nature and in reason,)
'Gainst Common Sense can be no treason.

M. Of all the Women ever born
You, Madam, least should treat with scorn
The Art which sav'd your scurvy life,
And gave me back a worthless Wife :
But for the skill of Dr. —

W. Ha ! Sir !
If I say yes, dare you say nay, Sir ?
If I say nay, dare you say yes ?
Fine times when matters come to this !
Why you, and all your paultry tribe,
Would, for a superadded bribe,
The Mother and the Babe destroy,
And blast the parents brightest joy :
You know not what is tender dealing,
Strangers to every generous feeling.
The Doctor whom you speak of, he
Had eas'd me of my misery,

And,

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 99

And, in his execution bold,
 Had sent me where no tales are told,
 But when you kindly mention'd *Grave*,
 Thought that your orders were to *save*,
 Nor deeming Hell could be so base,
 At such a time, in such a case,
 'To murder—Nay, Sir,—do not start—
 I speak a truth should rive your heart—
 With his last breath the Wretch confess'd
 Thus much—your conscience knows the rest.

M. Nay—Conscience—that be once your plea,
 You've done, for ever done with me;
 And, if you do not bid adieu
 To such a Friend, I've done with you.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

Between an HONEST TRADESMAN, and his
 DRAM-DRINKING WIFE.

T. **F**AITH, Margery, 'tis a shocking curse,
 That all bad things will still grow worse,
 And of all bad things known in life
 The worst is, sure, a drunken wife.

W. Nay, Husband, you've no cause to speak,
 You know I've not been drunk this week.

T. A mighty matter this to boast!
 The week's but eight hours old at most;

100 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

And well you know who lost her sight
 To keep up Saturday at night ;
 Now let me see you sober one day,
 And let that one, for change, be Sunday :
 For not one Sunday have I known
 Since you put on your wedding-gown,
 But you an object were of scoff,
 Ere came the hour to put it off.
 Now, for a moment recollect
 How Woman loses all respect,
 When once, by liquor's power engross'd,
 Her better faculties are lost.
 Her passions with her sense at strife,
 She quite forgets the name of wife,
 While that of Mother's seldom known
 To those who no restraint have shewn :
 Or if a puny Offspring strive
 To keep themselves but half alive,
 Physic nor abstinence can save
 The Victims from th' untimely grave.

W. I grant my conduct is not right,
 But know not how to rectify 't ;
 Bad habits readily acquire
 Unbounded power, nor soon retire
 Before superior reason's force ;—

T. I grant we cannot stop their course
 And make them yield to our controul,
 By one slight effort of the Soul ;

No

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 101

No—our design the spell to charm,
Should earnest, constant be, and warm.
The road from Good to bad is still
A rapid road, and all down hill ;
While those who gain fair Virtue's steep
Have many a painful step to creep ;
But when the heighth is once acquir'd,
The Traveller wonders he was tir'd,
Looks round him with delighted eyes,
The Country views in sweet surprize,
Charm'd with the prospect, sits at ease,
(With all well-pleas'd, he all can please)
And, banish'd tumult, noise and strife,
Looks calmly down the vale of life,
And hoping bliss supreme to taste,
Charm'd with the future and the past,
He quietly resigns his breath,
And owns a bliss supreme in death.

W. You've given so bright a picture now,
That from the present hour I vow
To call up Reason's aid, and try,
That living so, I so may die.

T. This declaration makes me blest ;
To Heaven and you I leave the rest.

DIALOGUE XXXIII.

Between an OFFICER in the *City Trained-Bands*,
and his WIFE.

W. WELL, Captain Staytape, whither
bound,

I judge your'e for th' Artillery-ground :
Some great manœuvres, sure to-day,
That Taylors can afford to play.
What, will old Gallipot be there !
Lord help us ! Ludgate-hill will stare !
Boxes, and bolusses, and pills
Should cure all London of its ills ;
But if these fine prescriptions fail,
We've Guns and powder to assail ;
And such a host of fighting fellows,
Three parts of whom would shame the gallows,
That if our enemies appear
With all your Courage—in the rear,
The Devil 's in't but Spain and France
Meet with the most extreme mischance ;
For nothing can those troops dismay
Who 're too far off to run away.

O. Hey Madam Staytape ! why so free
To censure our Artillery ?

Men more courageous are not found
If you should search the Kingdom round ;

They

They all in genuine valour jump,
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-pump,
And ne'er were known in all their lives
To turn their backs—

W. But on their Wives.

Lord help us ! such a motley crew,
Of White, and Black, and Green and Blue,
And every colour one can name,
All panting for the field of fame,
All striving to make up the shew
That glads the eyes of Bunhill-row ;
Whom Honour, faithless jade, bewitches
To make 'em leave their shoes and breeches,
Pleas'd, with bare feet and rags, to tramp,
Stern Heroes of the City Camp !

O. Whate'er might be in former days,
We've surely now some claim to praise ;
Suppose the Enemy should land—

W. Suppose 'em landed in the Strand ;
Suppose they'd taken Charing-cross,
And batter'd Charles, and eat his horse ;
Suppose them march'd to Temple-bar,
With all " the circumstance of War,"
Where would you Heroes take your station,
You props to save a sinking nation ?
Ha !——

O. D—me, Madam, there's no bearing
This insult—pray excuse my swearing ;

Where? Why in Fleet-street, without doubt;
When the Gate's fast they're all shut out.

W. Good—We should find you in the lurch,
Fast station'd by St. Dunstan's Church;
With Salmon's Wax-work would you mix,
And like his Dolls your features fix:
And if (and worse than I relate
Has sometimes been the will of Fate)
By taking of a common round,
The Foe your Worships should impound,
Full easy then it were to guess
Of something more than I express,
For then, if rightly I divine,
Of genuine fear you'd shew the sign,
While he who haply stood behind
Would hold his nose, and curse the wind;
And fairly——

O. Madam, by my Soul,
Whate'er is fair you turn to foul;
How dare you, rudely, thus traduce
A Corps design'd for public use?
A Body fam'd for ages past,
And which for ages yet shall last;
Whose courage cannot be denied,
Because——

W. It never yet was tried;
But clearly, to my simple thinking,
That must be strong that's always stinking,

And

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 105

And sure that Courage must be warm,
That can a reeking dunghill storm.

O. Madam, the Aldermen and May'r—

W. Aye—this it is that makes Fools stare;—
While Game and Turtle take commissions,
In fighting are no hard conditions;
And every guttling Cit will swell ye,
Three extra feet at least in belly,
And bear his gun, or wear his sash,
By th' side of Captain Calipash,
Or wield the Bayonet, d'ye see,
In rank with Ensign Calipee;
Nor fear to take his sword in hand,
Where Colonel Venison bears command;
In short you know that I am right in
Declaring that all City fighting
Is just reducible to this
(Correct me if I say amiss,
No anger working on the sudden)
All sorts of Fish and Flesh and Pudding;
And tho' your wrath be hot as mustard,
With most success it storms a custard;
If Fools your courage give the lie,
You answer—at a pigeon-pie,
And shew the valour of your Souls
'Gainst Turkies, Geese, and Hams and Fowls:
Nor could a vulgar soul divine
Your hardy deeds 'gainst Tongue and Chine:

106 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

In short, whate'er the world may say,
You're never known to run away;
But to the last appear full stout,
And e'en when conquer'd scarce give out:

O. A tedious tale I owe to you;
Suppose you give the moral too.

W. One short advice I fain would give,
And beg you'll heed it while you live:
Let blood and wounds be left to those
Whose trade is Death, whose practice blows;
War's Goddesses then no longer court,
But stick to trade for your support;
Turn a deaf ear to warlike drums,
Nor fight the Foe before he comes.

D I A L O G U E XXXIV.

Between a BISHOP and his WIFE.

W. **P**RAY, good my Lord, be pleas'd to tell
us

How 'tis so many worthy Fellows,
With learning, honour, wit and sense,
And every claim but impudence,
No Church-preferment can procure,
But live and die so wretched poor?

B. You

B. You have yourself the cause assign'd,
 For still the Man of generous mind,
 In Honour, Wit, and Sense compleat,
 Whose head is learning's liberal seat,
 Can ne'er submit, in hopes to rise,
 To deeds that must disgrace the wise;
 Nor e'er, for paltry interest, fawn,
 Tho' certain to obtain the lawn.
 Look the world thro', and still you see
 True Merit dwells with Modesty,
 While rankest Impudence presides,
 Where Ignorance leads, and Folly guides.

W. My Lord, I own your doctrine true,
 But sure there's one exception—You:
 Your modesty will all acknowledge,
 In Court or City, Camp or College;
 Your learning to the World is known,
 E'en from the Cottage to the Throne;
 And some Folks can your merit see;
 Be pleas'd, my Lord, to witness—ME.

B. Merit, my dear?—if that be true,
 'Twas seen by no one else but you;
 Learning my Enemies will grant,
 Dull drudgery, which I ne'er shall want;
 Mere Grammar-learning, Verbs and Tenses,
 Unfit for one who in his sense is:
 But *Modesty*! Lord bless us! where
 D'ye get that word, to make me stare?

On Modesty I ne'er divine,
 And Impudence itself is mine.
 But for this faculty, had I
 Been number'd with the common fry,
 And if a tale I could not dish up,
 I never should have rank'd a Bishop.
 O! I could cringe, and creep, and flatter,
 Praise Villains, and the Good bespatter;
 Could to my Patron knuckle down,
 And kneel to Hell for half a crown;
 Could swear that I did more believe
 Than Common-sense can ere conceive;
 That doctrines far from human reach,
 Within my power it was to teach;
 That all of right, and all of wrong,
 Hung on the Music of my tongue:—
 And that I knew of Good or Evil,
 Enough to make me God or Devil.

W. If this, my Lord, the art to rise is,
 He's wisest who not half so wise is;
 Plain truth for me, and common sense,
 To more I would not make pretence;
 And flattery all men should disdain,
 All but the venal and the vain;
 But surely now, my Lord, you jest,
 A cringing, fawning, flattering Priest,
 Is of all characters the worst,
 Of Hypocrites the most accurst.

B. Allowing

B. Allowing what you say is true,
The character is nothing new :
Whoever in the Church would rise,
Must strive to blind his Patron's eyes ;
Nor e'er expect to wear lawn sleeves,
Unless he flatters and deceives :
For such the custom of the day,
In spite of all we preach and say,
That Impudence in affluence shines,
While Merit, unregarded, pines.

DIALOGUE XXXV.

Between a PUPPET-SHEW-MAN and his
WIFE.

W. **T**HE Sun shines wond'rous hot to day,
And dull, and tedious is the way ;
I wish us safe at London Town,
Where every kind of trash goes down.

P. Dy'e mean that mine is trash, good Wife?

W. O no ! far from it—'tis of Life
A genuine picture, held to view,
And fools and knaves still find it true :
But vulgar, undiscerning folks,
See not the merit of your jokes,

And

110 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

And therefore, in their censures rash,
They scruple not to call them trash;
'Twas in that sense they use I use it,
Altho' I know they much abuse it.

P. Enough, enough—I thought you meant
To reprobate my great intent
Of making useful knowledge known,
By modes and methods all my own.

W. I've said already that I know
The World is pictur'd in your shew;
And happier were that World, and wiser,
Were you declar'd the sole adviser;
But, husband, since we've many a mile
To travel, you the way beguile
With the quaint History of the sett
That make folks laugh, and bid us eat:
Full many a time have I attended
The tale, nor wish'd your story ended;
And once again I long to hear
Your *Picture of the World*, my dear.

P. That's a good Girl—I'll strive to give it
So that a Turk must needs believe it;
And hope to shew the facts so true,
As would convince the meerest Jew.
Suppose my booth erected—now
I take my stand, and make my bow;
My trumpet sound, harangue the folk,
And bid them listen to the Joke.

“ Ladies

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 111

“ Ladies and Gentlemen walk in,
“ We’re just a going to begin ;
“ Punch and his Opera is here ;
“ See him for three-pence—’tis not dear.”
And now again I strain my throat,
While gaping crouds my accents note ;
Scores after Scores ascend the stairs,
The pennylefs alone despairs !
For ’tis with us, as thro’ the World,
The poor is to the bottom hurl’d.
And now they croud, and fill the benches,
Gay City Dames, and Suburb Wenchcs,
Old Rakes and young, and rich and poor—
The house is full—make fast the door.

Behind the scene I take my stand,
And guide the Puppets with my hand ;
Just as I move the pliant wire,
I sink ’em low, or raise ’em higher ;
In this resembling whom it suit,
For instance now—the Thane of B—e :
But for this Country better far,
Tho’ peace betide, or thund’ring war,
And of her weal more certain sign,
His Dolls were innocent as mine !

But to the Shew—See *Punch* appear,
Be sure the *Devil*’s in the rear.
With swaggering port he issues forth,
A picture of my Master North ;

With

112 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

With mighty paunch, and empty skull,
And of his own importance full,
Each sentence wise as ancient saw,
And all that he declares is Law :
He huffs, and kicks, and drives about,
Nor can the Devil turn him out :
'Tis I alone, who move the wire,
Can make this sturdy blade retire ;
But this will be my last resort,
For still 'tis Punch that makes the sport.

Now view the *Devil*, view him Ladies—
A Hero once—but now his trade is
(Bellona now no more his Doxy)
To cut three million throats by proxy ;
But still he works with blinded eyes,
For one he kills shall ten arise.
There was a day, on *Minden's* plain,
When he his thousands might have slain :
I will not swear he ran away ;
But that was not his fighting day ;
Fix'd by his fears he shivering stood,
And saw the Country drench'd with blood ;
Yet now is he intent to kill,
And slaughter thousands—with his quill.
No more of such a Wretch I say,
Who dare nor fight, nor run away ;
Who cannot bear the Cannon's rattle,
Yet others would provoke to battle,

And

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 113

And calmly sits him down to further
The cruel cause of fruitless murder.

See next my *Scaramouch*, who plays
A thousand tricks ten thousand ways ;
Who sends our Sailors forth to fight,
And bids 'em run away by night ;
Who drinks and sings at past threescore,
And hums his K—, and bilks his W— ;
Whom Canons, Catches, Glees amuse,
Nor quits a Song, whatever news
Britannia's fate, ill-omen'd, brings
From Rebel climes, or faithless Kings ;
Adds t'other bottle to the score,
And at each song exclaims *Encore !*
But yet so various is his wit,
There's nothing proper, nothing fit,
(Had he but grace) beneath the sun,
But he could do, or see it done :
Of constitution strong, and parts,
But slave to all the viler arts ;
Who'd see a Kingdom quite undone,
Rather than lose his share of fun ;
And sooner soap a Pig by th' tail,
Than man Britannia's first-rate sail ;
And rather knuckle down at taw,
Than give contending Nation's law ;
Debauch'd in manners, and in mind,
The " wisest, meanest of mankind."

This

114 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

This thing of follies, and of crimes,
By accident does good sometimes,
At least some casual deeds will rise,
That grateful look in vulgar eyes;
For let a Rascal serve him well,
He'll sooner pledge his soul to Hell,
Than let the deed pass unrewarded,
Or let the Man go unregarded.
Sees he a girl he likes, he'll hitch her;—
I've done—who knows not *Jemmy Twitcher*?

Full many a puppet more have I,
Fit to divert the Quality:
I've toping Tom, and drunken Dick,
Who play the Nation many a trick;
Contracting Tom is also mine,
Who seeks in City clubs to shine;
While all his schemes, and all his sport,
Serve but to keep his friends at Court.
In short my puppets all will “drive at
“The Public welfare in their private;”
Nor matter which the Undertaker,
'Tis all pull Devil and pull Baker!

DIALOGUE XXXVI.

Between a WELSH KNIGHT and his LADY.

L. **I**NDEED Sir Watkin 'tis not right
To keep the Girl thus out of sight ;
Mew'd up within our Castle-wall,
She cannot see the world at all.

K. World ! Winifred, O yes she will ;
Why she may see and hear her fill ;
I wish that I possess'd of right
All she can grasp within her sight,
The largest fortune she should be
In all the Principality ;
At least not easily outdone,
She could be match'd by only one,
My noble names-sake's Girl—

L. Allow'd,
She'd have enough to make her proud ;
To make her insolent and vain,
To plague herself, and give us pain.
But what of fortune ? she'll have store,
So much she need not wish for more ;
Her Ancestors bequeath'd, long since,
Enough to gratify a Prince ;
Her merit too—who'd be unwilling
To take the Girl without a shilling ?

But

116 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

But thus confin'd, I say my dear,
She nought can see, and nought can hear.

K. That she can see I've fairly prov'd,
Nor is she ever so remov'd
From the wide world, but she can hear
More than should meet a Virgin's ear.
The London News comes weekly down,
To tell us what is done in Town;
And sometimes tells us such strange things,
Of whores, and rogues, and pimps and Kings,
How Men on Men continual prey,
And cheat in th' open face of day.
How Physic and how Law combine
To gull the crowd, and seize the coin;
How e'en Religion's self is made,
Thro' vile misuse, a dirty trade,
That while I read I shake with fear,
And bless my Stars I am not there.

L. Sir Watkin, what you say is true;
But I'm not understood by you.
I do not wish the Girl in London,
Tho' far from fearing she'd be undone;
But still, thus kept so much at home,
Her wishes cannot fail to roam;
And if, perchance, some Country 'Squire,
Once in a twelvemonth does come nigh her,
How strangely awkward she appears,
With intermingled hopes and fears;

As

As if she doubted of her fate,
 She looks and speaks she knows not what.
 Now what I wish—pray hear me thro',
 For all our sakes, Sir Watkin, do.
 —Let her experience of your bounty ;
 Permit her visits thro' the County ;
 Let all we know be welcome home,
 And who she asks permit to come ;
 Thus pleas'd, our time will wear away,
 And all her awkwardness decay,
 Each hour her Person will improve,
 And fit her for a virtuous love ;
 Thus she'll become, or much my judgment fails,
 The Loveliest, happiest Wife in all North Wales.

K. No, no—my daughter's best at home,
 The prudent Matrons do not roam ;
 True bliss at home begins and ends
 Here she may see her nearest friends ;
 Here she may see each Aunt and Cousin,
 And make 'em welcome by the Dozen,
 And safe and snug within this dwelling,
 Count the long line of GREAT LEWELLIN !

DIALOGUE XXXVII.

Between a QUACK DOCTOR and his WIFE.

W. DOCTOR, for once let me advise,
Nor longer blind the peoples eyes;
Your medicines never can do good;
They tend but to corrupt the blood;
Your Noftrums are a public curse,
Your tainted patients still grow worse,
And public health and sense require
That you from active life retire.

D. Retire! why I've not yet obtain'd
A tenth of what some Rogues have gain'd;
Of my own order Rogues I mean,
For what superior knaves may glean
From public faith, and public trust,
By arts deceptive and unjust;
Nor with what fortunes they retire,
I neither know, nor will enquire.
How much Contractors may obtain,
Or how they spend th' enormous gain,
How much a Minister may get,
Or how increase the public debt;
How much a placeman may receive,
Or how he laughs at those who give,
I am not anxious to enquire,
And have the whole of my desire,

If

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 119

If a snug Cottage can be found
When I possess ten thousand pound:

W. If that be all, e'en rest at ease,
You may retire just when you please;
Seven thousand in the Funds you know
Far to this computation go;
A house of fifty pounds a Year
We'll deem another thousand clear;
Your Freehold Farm you well may score
At least at Fifteen hundred more;
As to the trifle that remains
Impute it to my honest gains;
For many a box of Pills I've sold,
And safely sunk the welcome gold;
And many an ointment and a plaister,
(Careful to guard against disaster,)
Has help'd to fill my private chest;
—So count on me for all the rest.

D. How Madam! have you dar'd to seize
On what I deem'd my legal fees?
On what—

W. Pray Husband be not rash;
It was for you I sav'd the cash;
Nor did I quite forget myself,
In hoarding up this little pelf;
Our interests mutually combine,
What's mine is your's, what's your's is mine;
Besides, at any rate, 'tis plain
That you no injury could sustain;

→ Your

120 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Your med'cines are so cheaply bought,
A thousand crowns don't cost a groat;
And every Quack in Town could tell
If all your stock in trade should sell
For half a crown, 'twould be no pain
To him who bought to count his gain:

D. Peace, Peace, I pray you—

W.

No not I;

Our deeds give Honesty the lie,
'Tis time this cheating farce was ended,
And you and I our lives amended:
Then to the Country let's retire,
And chearful sit around the fire,
And talking of your former trade
Pity the Fools your art has made;
But, while we pity, let's endeavour
To rectify our whole behaviour;
Let us protect the starving poor,
Nor drive the wretched from our door;
So Heaven shall aid as we behave,
And WANT receive what FOLLY gave.

D. Agreed—and let it now be said
One honest Fellow of my trade,
Tho' half his Life in cheating spent,
Knew when to fit him down content.

DIALOGUE XXXVIII.

Between a LOTTERY-OFFICE-KEEPER and
his WIFE.

L. **W**HY we've had charming fun to-day:—
Lord help the thoughtless Fools who
play

At games of chance, and think it sport,
The fickle Goddess love to court.
Each blockhead gladly blinds his eyes,
And idly hopes a glorious prize,
And chearful runs with rapid feet,
To court the ruin he must meet.

W. *Must?*—No—Not always, in this case,
Will those that enter lose the race;
Among the number there are found
Prizes of twenty thousand pound;
And, these exclusive, there are plenty,
From thousands ten, to pounds but twenty;
Nor is it more than two to one
They gain a prize, besides the fun.

L. 'Pshaw, Wife, you do not count the cost,
But reckon still without your Host;
The odds at this infernal game
Pronounce th' adventurers much to blame:
For argument suppose that I
("For first Men instance, then apply")

G

Purchase,

222 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Purchase, like twenty thousand ninnies,
 One Ticket's chance for fourteen guineas :
 The value of what this has cost,
 Does not exceed eight pounds at most ;
 So far, so good—I then insure,
 'Till I have lost at least eight more ;
 Then if I chance a prize to gain,
 The great reward of all my pain,
 I find that Fortune has been cross,
 And I have only *gain'd a loss*.
 But now my anxious wishes burn ;—
 Fortune may kinder prove next turn ;
 My Prize is sold for Nineteen Pound,
 A Ticket's bought—the Wheel goes round ;
 Now Expectation tiptoe stands,
 With open mouth, and lifted hands,
 The Urchin Blue-coat at the Wheel,
 Regardless of the pangs I feel,
 Holds up, (for which myself I thank)
 All fair and clear,—the dismal *Blank* !
 Now I lament my wayward fate,
 And curse my folly when too late,
 For now alas ! I plainly see
 Th' approaching hour of misery ;
 For now the Prison-gates appear,
 With all of horror in the rear ;—
 I must to Jail—I cannot pay,
 For I have rashly thrown away

What

What should an honest debt have paid,
And help'd me in the line of Trade :
And thus for years I may repent
The rash advice that Folly lent.

W. But, Husband, it is not for us,
The Lottery, or its plan, to curse :
It may produce extensive pain,
But we may triumph in the gain.

L. We only now converse in private ;
To-morrow I shall fairly drive at
The very trade which most I hate,
And in this moment reprobate.

D I A L O G U E XXXIX.

Between a SCOTCH PEDLAR and his WIFE.

W. **T**ROTH, Sawney, this is unco' trudging,
Whence is't to London Town we're
budging ?

P. Whence but our ain gude selves to suit,
And make a friend o'th' Laird of Bute ?
'Thou kenst his Lairdship meek and mild
Is patron of each Northern Child,
And we have little more to do
Than our sweet visages to shew,

And quickly we partake his grace,
And thine ain Sawney gets a place.

W. Well, and what then ?

P. Why then my dear
By muckle pain, and muckle care,
We gain a hundred pounds a year. }
Out of this sum can thee and I
Live well, and put full eighty by ;
This eighty multiplied by ten,
To Scotland we return again,
Purchase a house and land, and live
Pleas'd with what Nature's pleas'd to give,
And while we gang adown the dale,
Chear ebbing life with many a tale ;
Look back with pleasure on the past,
And pray that present blifs may last.

W. Sure, Sawney, sunk is thy condition,
And thou art lost to all ambition !
Ne'er be it told amidst the vain
A Scotsman should gang hame again,
Or be contented with his lot,
A fingle Baubee left ungot.
No—rather by all methods strive
To keep the sense of gain alive,
And for this purpose cringe and bow
As every real Scot knows how ;
And when thy purpose thou hast gain'd,
And ample store of wealth obtain'd,

Then

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 125

Then turn the Tyrant ;—well thou know'st
This character's thy Country's boast,
And will each individual suit,
From sneaking Eden up to Bute.

P. Nay Moggy, now you drive too fast,
And urge your course with thoughtless haste ;
This picture, tho' in general right,
Like others hung in aukward light,
Reflects the Visage in the main,
But cannot every feature gain.

Tho' Scots in general may be mean,
Some great exceptions have I seen ;
But, that my task be sooner done,
I of each kind shall quote but one,
See *Jefferies* learned in the Law,
A Judge intent to find a flaw,
Or still, for Tyranny's dear sake,
The flaw he cannot find to make ;

Q view him, as a legal fury,
Whose *Ipse Dixit* rules a Jury ;
(But while you view him, Oh despise
That Jury seeing with his eyes !)
Base slaves ! to sell their dearest right
To compliment his *second sight* !)

Jefferies, no such we now can shew,
Deceas'd a hundred years ago.

A modern Scot we now may see
The true-born Son of Liberty.

126 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

Hail *Erskine* ! genuine Heir of fame !
 All Britain greets thine honour'd name !
 And honest Scotsmen long shall boast
 Thy dear relation to their coast :
 Thou too a Lawyer ;—but thy Soul
 Indignant spurning Court controul,
 Thou plead'st in Freedom's cause alone,
 The noblest prop of her fair Throne !
 Thy rapid diction pours along,
 Sweeter than Poets sweetest song ;
 Thy eloquence, so vast its force,
 Sweeps like a torrent in its course ;
 And while the whole is clear and plain,
 No single period falls in vain ;
 And still 'tis held, by old and young,
 Conviction dwells upon thy tongue ;
 And while the Man of honour pleads,
 Infamy skulks, and Vice recedes.

W. Strange doctrine ! *Erskine* pleads—his pains
 Rewarded by the boon he gains ;
 And for this reason you won't strive
 To keep ambition's flame alive.
 Does not Ambition swell his soul,
 And bid his forceful periods roll,
 And do'st thou think that he would grudge,
 On the first hint to be a Judge ?

P. No more—my mind is fix'd, and I
 Will, in this single instance, try

If honest industry can't do
 Enough for me, enough for you,
 And strive to shew I know what's meant
 By that dear single word CONTENT.

DIALOGUE XL.

Between a WIDOW and WIDOWER, during
 Courtship *.

He. **D**EAR Madam, with experienc'd folks,
 The suits of Love are never jokes :
 I do not court you like a Boy,
 Who dreams of yet untasted joy,
 Nor you, I trust, affected, trembling,
 Will torture me with feign'd dissembling.
 Your Husband was a worthy Man,
 And liv'd on Virtue's strictest plan ;
 My Wife, God rest her Soul, departed,
 And left me just not broken-hearted.
 I've heard that many a Man has doubted
 A second Wife, whose first has flouted,
 And scorn'd, and sneer'd, and us'd him ill,
 And prov'd that Woman *has a WILL* :

* This cannot properly be called a *Matrimonial Dialogue* ; but as it was the effect of Matrimony, and led to it, we thought it had a clear title to a place in this collection ; and have accordingly inserted it.

128 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

But, for my part, I cannot see
 Because with one we disagree,
 We should resign the Wedding Ball,
 And therefore disagree with all.

She. My husband, Sir, unlike your Wife,
 Knew nought of Matrimonial strife,
 Nor quarrell'd he, thro' lust of power,
 For the dominion of an hour;
 For, from the moment we were wed,
 Or ere he took his Bride to bed,
 He swore, (and well he kept his word,
 Tho' troth I thought it much absurd)
 That, spite of all which I might say,
 He'd be the Master *night and day*;
 And oft has bade me hold my tongue,
 For still he'd govern, *right or wrong* :
 He us'd to quote the Scripture rules,
 And half the learning of the Schools,
 To prove, by old and modern wit,
 That Woman ever must submit :
 Full fond was he of good St. Paul,
 To prove that Man must govern all ;
 Oft would repeat the sacred words,
 " Wives be obedient to your Lords ;"
 But still forget the other charge,
 (No wonder husbands live at large)
 " Ye husbands also love your Wives,"
 And cherish them throughout your lives.

No

No wonder then, from all I've said,
My Man would rule, and was obey'd :
I knew submission was my part ;
He had my person, not my heart.

He. I thought he was the tender Man ;
But I shall ne'er pursue his plan ;
But simply bless me with your hand,
You shall not hear the word *Command* ;
Your will and mine together blended,
Our love shall last till Life is ended ;
Or if we strive, the strife shall cost
No words, but who shall love the most.

She. Confiding in your well-known truth,
I yield the small remains of youth
To your controul :—when age advances,
And age our troubles still enhances,
With mutual care I hope we'll strive
To keep the flame of love alive.

He. Ten thousand thanks ;—I take your hand,
Myself, my all, at your command ;
To-morrow morning let the Priest
Say grace—and leave to me the rest ;
Faithful and kind I'll prove thro' life,
And boast the best and kindest wife.

BOTH. Faithful and kind we'll prove thro' life,
The happiest husband, and the fondest wife.

D I A L O G U E X L I.

Between the SAME COUPLE, *after* Marriage.

She. **A**ND is this, Sir, the love you swore?
 Sure never wretched Woman bore
 Such insults from a traiterous Man,
 Who, counteracting his own plan,
 Still strives, to th' utmost of his power,
 To sink his wretched wife still lower.
 What have I done, that I am treated
 As if my Lover I had cheated,
 And vilely trick'd him by my carriage,
 Into a base and hateful marriage?
 My fortune, Sir, was far from low,
 And—Sir—I'd have your Worship know,
 Tho' you my Person may despise,
 That others see not with your eyes.
 I'm counted, Sir——

He. Hey day, the Devil!
 Is this the Lady kind and civil;
 That when I took her to the Church,
 Would leave all passions in the lurch;
 And who, so modest was her look,
 (For Chastity herself mistook)
 Vice did not dare to look upon her,
 Nor Lust a moment doubt her honour.
 Strange alteration!

She. Very

MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES. 131

She. Very true, Sir,
And altogether due to you, Sir:
But for your cruel treatment, I
The shafts of malice might defy;
But, Sir, when husbands will be free
To casual Love, the World will see;
The Men have eyes, and hope to find
The Wives of faithless husbands kind.

He. And so, sweet Madam, you confess
Your inclination turn'd to bless
The first bold man that may apply,
And read your meaning in your eye!
Good Heavens! and is it come to this!
How short the date of nuptial bliss!

She. No, Sir—as yet I'm free from taint,
And unpolluted as a Saint;
No farther does my knowledge go
Than knowing, what we all must know,
That those who give inducement strong,
Will sometimes find they're in the wrong,
And wedded Love, when basely slighted,
Will strive to get her injuries righted.

He. So then you threaten——

She. Yes, I do;
I find not, but I'll make you true;
Or else——

He. Or else?—You Vixen, what?

132 MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUES.

She. Sure, Sir, my meaning may be got
Without much thought.

He. You'll go astray?

She. I will ;—you know who led the way :
I'll do as duteous Wives should do,
Th' example take I find in you.
How can you hope a Woman true t'ye,
When you neglect the nuptial duty?
How think I am so tame and base,
To let another fill my place,
Nor seek the readiest of all cures,
By getting one to fill up your's?

He. You know, base Woman——

She. Baser Man,
You know you wrong my bed ;

He. ——You lie——

She. A greater lose I can supply
With th' utmost ease——

He. Beware, beware :

She. 'Tis for yourself to take the care ;
Once more I copy but from you ;——
If you prove false, I'll not be true ;
But once reform your wandering life,
You'll find me an obedient Wife.

D I A L O G U E XLII.

Between a COUNTRY PARISH CLERK and
his WIFE, during a Journey they had made to
London.

W. **W**ELL, *Sternhold*, how d'ye like St.
Paul's,
And t'other place, the what d'ye calls,
There down at Westminster—the Abbey,
Is not their bawling monstrous shabby?
I think the people call it chaunting;
To me it is but idle ranting.

P. True, Wife—When people go to pray,
Methinks they should or sing or say;
But faith and truth, what they call praying,
Can neither singing be, nor saying;
A Popish relic vile, I doubt;
I wish from Churches 'twas turn'd out.
To me it seems extremely odd;
When People go to worship God,
That they should at each other bawl,
And din our Ears with hideous squall.
Sure 'tis most decent, when we pray,
In solemn guise our words to say;
And when we would th' Almighty praise,
To Heaven our well-tun'd voices raise:
This gives to true devotion birth,
And makes a little Heaven on Earth:

But

But when we neither say nor sing,
 Devotion flags on leaden wing,
 Nor thoughts in just gradation rise,
 To claim admission to the skies.
 To me this hideous chant appears
 Contriv'd to catch those vulgar ears,
 Which thro' the world well-pleas'd would range,
 Lift'ning to any thing that's strange!

W. But, husband, are these Chanters paid
 For what is neither sung nor said?

H. Aye, Margery, paid, and well paid too,
 Or other Folks the work might do:
 Your Priestly people love to eat,
 But 'tis their labour finds the treat;
 And who can ought but this require?
 "The Labourer's worthy of his hire:"
 And, truth, their labour's too severe,
 To bawl what few would wish to hear.

W. True, husband, let no more be said;
 But wou'd that thou wert better paid.
 Five Pounds a Year's an income small,
 For which thou must both pray and bawl;
 And faith, five pounds are far too little,
 'Tis merely working for the Spital.

H. Pray, Margery, say no more about it;
 Those who han't much must do without it;
 And do not let me think you joke;
 —I can't be paid like London Folk.

So,

So, Wife, e'en let no more be said,
—Those who work most, the worst are paid.

D I A L O G U E XLIII.

Between a QUIET HUSBAND and a SCOLDING
WIFE.

H. **I** NDEED, my dear, I wish in peace
To travel down the road of Life,
And nought my pleasure can increase
Like modest stillness in a Wife.

I hate the noisy stream, that runs
In restless ripples o'er the ground,
Much as I hate report of guns,
Or murd'rous Cannons thund'ring sound.
Calm be the stream for me that flows,
And gentle every breeze that blows.

S. Then indeed, my tame husband, in peace we
shan't jumble;

I'm all for a racket, a riot, a grumble:
Give me the rough stream, that most rapidly runs,
The grunting of Hogs, or the firing of guns;
The spitting of cats, or the snarling of dogs,
The braying of Asses, or croaking of frogs,
The jangling of bells, or the clack of a mill,
Or the tongue of that Woman that never lies still.

H. How

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H. How vain are all the joys we seek!
Of all we seek how little know!
Short-sighted mortals! frail and weak,
Who hope for bliss in aught below!

When first I took thee to these arms,
The hope of quiet charm'd my breast;
And, freed from all but Love's alarms,
I fought, but fought in vain, for rest.

Ah me! still doom'd to endless noise,
What satisfaction can I find,
Depriv'd of all the purest joys,
In calm serenity of mind!

'Tis to the silent and the still;
The Man of contemplation looks;
And learns of Heaven to do the will,
While reading Heav'n's nocturnal books.

While rolls the Moon her midnight course,
Sublimely rolls amid the Stars,
She strikes the mind with mildest force,
And sings the Music of the spheres.

S. Once more, my tame Husband, we shall not
agree,
All quiet for you, and all racket for me.
In squibs and in crackers I place my delight;
The hiss and the bounce of a bonfire night;
Nor thro' my whole life was I ever more gay,
Than midst the confusion of Lord Mayor's-day;
When

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When all noise and disturbance, and racket and riot,
Forbids e'en dull Cits to repose 'em in quiet;
Of the grinding of knives I'm distractedly fond,
Or a pickpocket's cries when he's duck'd in a pond;
The wrangling of Lawyers affords me much glee,
And the voice of a Billingsgate's music to me:
I'm a friend, I repeat it, with hearty good will,
To the tongue of that Woman that never lies still.

H. Far as the Poles asunder plac'd
Your disposition is to mine;
I travel East, while you go West,
Then how should we in Love combine?
Nothing more opposite can be,
Not fire or water, night or day;
Then who can be so curs'd as we,
Whose wishes wander far astray!
How shall I paint the pangs I feel,
How tell the tortures of my heart!
But I the truth must not conceal;
Alas! we only met to part.

S. The sooner the better, dear husband of mine,
You're for peace, and the world I for noise would resign,
So farewell—and thro' life pray remember the ill
Of the tongue of that Woman that never lies still.

D I A L O G U E XLIV.

Between a WOMAN of FORTUNE and a MAN
whom she married for Love.

S. **A**ND is it thus, ungrateful Man,
You thwart that providential plan
Which doom'd me to your arms for life,
And made me the most wretched Wife?

H. Nay, Madam, if it was decreed
That you and I should wretched be,
You but receive th' allotted meed
Most justly due for loving me.

My character full well was known
Ere to your vows I made pretence,
And sure no folly but your own
Ere thought a batter'd Rake had sense :
Had sense or virtue to reform *,
T'amend the error of his ways,
To seek the port, to shun the storm,
Or bid bright Virtue bless his days.

No, no, 'tis vulgar error all
To think a Rake can make you blest,
Your charms, however bright, soon pall,
And fail to warm the Rakish breast :

* It is a common observation, that "a reformed Rake makes
the best husband. Perhaps nothing is more false. The mind
that is once tainted by an illicit and habitual commerce with the
sex, will not readily return to the paths of Virtue. In one in-
stance in ten thousand such a case may have happened ; but it is
a dreadful risk for a Woman to run : besides, what Woman of
common delicacy would take up with the refuse of the stews ?

For

For he, who in promiscuous love,
The frailty of the Sex has seen,
Must fail e'en Virtue's charms to prove,
Tho' garnish'd by the Cyprian Queen.

S. In truth the fair confession made,
Serves but to prove that I'm betray'd;
But what a Villain must you be,
Confessing this, to banter me?
What had I done, insidious Man,
To be the Dupe of your vile plan?
What in my conduct was amiss,
That I should be reduced to this,
This, the most wretched state of life,
A Batter'd Rake's insulted Wife?

H. I told you before, and I tell you again,
The folly's your own my dear Madam ;
But, spite of all caution, you hunt for the Men,
And repent of all Rakes when youv'e had 'em.
Would woman but guess, or one moment conceive,
How much from a Rake she might suffer,
I swear there would not be one Daughter of Eve
But would spurn his insidious offer.

So you, Madam, you to the rest of the Sex,
Are fairly hung up an example;
And to warn them that Rakes will still strive to
perplex,
Thank Heaven that you are the sample.

S. Well, Heaven be prais'd, if my sad fate
In present, or at future date, Shall

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Shall save one Woman from that ill
Which waits upon her own free-will !
The specious form, th' attractive face,
And ah ! too oft, the nameless grace
That Women think in Rakes they see,
Sinks them to deepest Misery :
For never yet true heart was shewn,
That lov'd our Sex, but ONE ALONE.

DIALOGUE XLV.

Between a SEA-OFFICER and his LADY,
on the former going abroad.

O. **F**AREWELL, my Love, I needs must
go,

To meet the base, insulting foe ;
Ne'er be it said the House of Bourbon,
The British Lion puts a curb on ;
No, no—thro' seas of blood we'll fight,
To do our injur'd Country right.

L. Pain'd as I am with you to part,
I wish success with all my heart ;
And wheresoe'er your vessel roll,
In torrid Zones, or near the pole,
May Britain's gallant sails, unfurl'd,
Give Law, give Freedom to the World.

O. Thank

O. Thank ye, my dear, a thousand times,
 Such genuine courage fills your breast;
 Those safely sail thro' various climes,
 By Woman's warmest wishes blest!

L. Alas! could Woman's wish prevail,
 Her fav'rite Tar would seldom fail;
 No rude rough winds, would change his course,
 But Boreas use, in vain his force;
 No Compass would her Seaman need,
 To tell him whither he must speed;
 Nor need he from his Cable part,
 Who held his anchorage in her heart!

But Love, and all the gentler powers,
 Must yield to such a case as ours.
 When our dear Country calls 'twere base
 To turn aside the doubting face;
 But tho' the trickling tear will steal
 Adown the cheek—let Woman feel,
 Feel a superior power to love,
 And all the British Honour prove;
 Prove, tho' unfeeling Souls may blame,
 "Self-Love and Social are the same."

O. Thanks to my gallant Wife, all thanks!
 Sure in Love's Lottery are no blanks!
 What tho' in Honour's cause we part,
 Yet Honour binds you to my heart!
 What tho' the seas impetuous roll,
 Love holds, in gentlest bands, the soul,

And

And every moment is carest,
The only Idol of my breast.

L. Then go, and with you every blessing
Ten times more warm than my caresting.
Before you scourge the pride of Spain,
Nor let the Frenchman sneer in vain :
Tell the base Wretches that you prove,
As true to Honour as to Love.

O. Good Heavens ! and can such genuine fire,
A tender Woman's breast inspire !
Who would not fight for girls like these ?
Who would not dare the roughest Seas ?
What harm, what danger can ensue,
Impell'd by genuine Love, for you ?
No—No—the forceless balls shall drop,
Beneath whose feet you deign to prop ;
Or, casual, as thro' air they fly,
Pierc'd by the lustre of your eye,
(More potent than the beam of day)
The *leaden death* shall melt away.

L. Adieu—

O. You hold your heart ?

L. Adieu !

O. O for ten thousand such as you !
Who could for England's Honour burn,
Then England's honour should return !
No more the Scorn of France and Spain, *
We'd still ride Masters of the Main !

* Written in November 1779.

D I A-

DIALOGUE XLVI.

Between a PRECISE HUSBAND, and his
SLUTTISH WIFE.

H. DECENCY, Madam, has a charm,
Whiche'en the coldest heart might warm;
Politeness, in a decent Wife,
Is more than half the bliss of Life,
And doubly is the husband curst,
Who, of all Women weds the worst;
For who can set a decent pattern,
Whose fate has bound him to a flattern?

S. Master Precise, one word from me—
I doubt we shall not long agree;
Altho' your words seem wond'rous hasty,
You're far more nice than I am nasty:
The Prig who will not walk abroad,
'Till Beggars brooms have swept the road;
Who scorns to soil his shoes of lacquer,
Lest the *brown* dirt should make 'em *blacker*;
Who sets his Cravat by the glass,
And prims to form his ugly face;
Who still will brush his threadbare coat,
And lose a day to save a Groat;
To whom no mortal would give harbour,
Except the Shoe-black and the Barber;
And e'en they curse him for the trouble
He gives them, which they swear is double;

Aye,

Aye, treble to what Men of sense
 Would give them at the same expence :
 —Shall such a wretch as this pretend,
 A Woman's mode of dress to mend ?
 Shall he say what is right or fit,
 The dress a Woman's charms to hit ?
 Shall he, in vile insulting pucker,
 Direct th' adjustment of a tucker ?
 Shall he the topknot seek to tye,
 By the false medium of his eye ?
 Say, shall he hang the graceful shawl,
 And teach it down the rump to crawl,
 Or with his face of thousand dolours,
 (More various than its various colours)
 Shall he pretend what may be fit
 To shew our taste, if not our wit ?
 Shall he, to shew of sense a flash,
 Pretend to poise the vast calash,
 And tell, when various blows the wind,
 Why Ladies faces point behind ?
 No, no ! 'tis not for things like you
 To tell us what or why we do—
 Gods !—but it puts me in a passion,
 Such *things* should seek to set the fashion !

H. 'The fashion ! farthest from my view
 Were fashions, when I thought of you :
 Plain decency is all I ask,
 And sure that were no mighty task.

The

The Woman who could dress her head
 To coax the courting swain to bed,
 Should, surely, joking all apart,
 Try to preserve th' entangled heart;
 For Men, whatever they may seem,
 Look not on marriage as a dream;
 Or if a dream, it is not frightful,
 But, painting objects most delightful,
 Presents an Angel to the view,
 Tho' seldom is the picture true!

The Wife who comes not down till noon,
 Yet thinks her half a day too soon,
 Presents her husband such a fright,
 As makes him wish th' approach of night;
 And yet old night, in sable hue,
 Gives more than *all* the picture true:
 For then the Slatern, basely wanton,
 Whom day-light chose to look askant on;
 By action, manner, air, and gait,
 Would tempt the Fish without the bait;
 And take of Love such pains to cure it,
 Husband nor Devil can endure it.

D I A L O G U E XLVII.

Between a MAN of RANK and his KEPT
MISTRESS, whom he had seduced from the
House of her Father in the Country.

M. **A**ND so, Sir, proud of high degree,
With swelling airs of Quality,
And thankless for the favours past,
The present visit is the last?

N. Madam it is, and must be so;—
Down Custom's rapid tide I flow;
To-morrow binds me to the Wife,
Fate and a Father chose—for Life.

M. Fate and a Father both be curst!
Of Wretches I am sure the worst!
Or ere of Life I knew the proof,
An exile from MY Father's roof,
That Roof which never had before
Against the wretched turn'd its door;
That Roof where Misery might command
Benevolence with open hand;
That Roof where Charity was found,
With all her grateful children round,
With heaving breasts and streaming eyes,
Full proof what thankful thoughts arise,
For every blessing that's receiv'd,
In the poor breast but just reliev'd;—

From

From that blest Roof, I say, was I
 (My feelings give my tears the lie
 E'en while I speak !) an outcast base,
 The scorn of all my worthy Race ;
 And all for what ? O fie, for shame !
 To gain a vile opprobrious name !
 Alas, what pangs torment my breast !—
 My flowing tears must tell the rest.

N. Weep not, my Delia ;—I repent
 The crime we both shall long lament ;
 But now repentance comes in vain,
 We can't recall past time again.
 When first beneath the myrtle grove,
 You heard the genuine vows of Love ;
 When first, in all the warmth of youth,
 You fondly thought I spoke the truth ;
 Ah, then the truth alone I meant,
 And pure and honest my intent :
 And when, in after days, you fell,
 (The source of joys no tongue can tell !)
 Yet still I thought to keep my vow,
 And should, in honour, do it now ;
 For love for you alone I've known,
 And warmly wish'd you all my own :
 But—

M. What ?

N. My Delia do not ask ;
 To answer is a painful task :
 This tyrant Custom—

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M. Made for Fools,
And yet the Wife obey its rules.

N. Too true, my Charmer, still we swim
With the bold current of the Stream.
Heaven knows, to pass my life with you
In wedded love, just, constant, true,
To boast you as my legal wife,
Would be the comfort of that life :
But tyrant Custom binds me still
To act against my own free will ;
And pride, curst pride of Family,
With genuine love can ill agree.
Heir to a noble house, I find
What should enlarge, contracts my mind :
Ambition leads—my friends expect,
And love is starv'd by cold neglect.

M. What's the proud she, your present toast,
What has she more than me to boast ?
She claims a long ancestral line ;
And equal boast, my Lord, is mine :
She prides her in the *Norman* claim,
I triumph in old *Wallia's* name !
Down from *Plinlimmon's* heights I see
My still-depending pedigree,
The line unblotted—BUT BY ME !

N. These tears, my Delia !—O my heart !
Sure we were never born to part !
I cannot leave you—by my Soul,
I must infringe this vile controul ;

Break

Break thro' a custom form'd to chain
 The feeling heart to ceaseless pain.
 Why should we try to pain the heart,
 From all the joys of life to part,
 Merely because a Gothic fashion
 Would give the lie to genuine passion?
 No—no—I will extend the plan,
 Prove, by my actions, I'm a Man,
 And teach our young nobility,
 I proudly say—to COPY ME.
 Come, my sweet Delia, to my arms,
 Replete in all thy native charms;
 Press thy fond HUSBAND to thy breast,
 And leave to Heaven and me the rest.

M. HUSBAND! O word of words to me!
 What's now the boast of Family?
 Were I a Princess, I would own
 You the sole partner of my throne:
 Nay, the sole Sovereign—for I bow
 Obedient to the marriage vow.
 "Hail, wedded love!" as Milton sang,
 While all the Choirs empyreal rang.

N. My Delia fondly should repeat,
 In accents all her own, and sweet,
 What our great Bard, with love impress'd,
 Wrote from the feelings of his breast;
 That breast, by Heaven itself inspir'd,
 The lines with Love Celestial fir'd:

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“ Hail Wedded Love !

“ True source of human offspring—Sole propriety

“ In Paradise, of all things common else !

“ By THEE adulterous lust was driven from Men,

“ Among the bestial herds to range—By THEE,

“ Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,

“ Relations dear, and all the Charities

“ Of Father, Son, and Brother, first were known !”

M. Sweet words ! thrice sweet proceeding from
your voice !

N. Indeed, my Delia, thou wert ere my Choice :—
At the third day at most we'll twine our hands,
And genuine love shall bless its happy bands.
Let the warm Youth, whom fancy led astray,
Be taught by me the turn to Virtue's way ;
And learn, whate'er th' impetuous tide of blood,
Th' unrivall'd excellence of BEING GOOD !

D I A L O G U E XLVIII.

Between a BALLAD-SINGER and his WIFE.

B. **P**EGGY, can't you say or sing
Something better of the King ?
What's Lord North, and all his crew,
What's government to me or you ?
Let us chaunt our songs nocturnal,
Tho' State Rogues should hang or burn all :

Let

Let us sing, throughout the City,
 Every kind of pretty Ditty.
 Tales of Love, in tender song,
 Will the fleeting hours prolong;
 And a bloody cruel murther,
 All our honest views may further:—
 But why should either you or me
 Tempt Newgate, or the Pillory?
 Neither of which I'd wish a glimpse on,
 For all my love for Master Simpson. *

W. Husband, 'tis not for me to say
 What shall become the song o'th' day;
 But sure I speak in terms of reason,
 In hinting that a bit of treason,
 Than murder better far goes down,
 Best hits the humour of the Town.
 This treason! ah there's nothing like it!
 Touch but the passions, and you strike it:
 We gather all the mob of London,
 By simply singing they are undone:
 Once chaunt 'em out of common sense,
 And they your pockets load with pence;
 Prove they are curs'd, and they will bless ye,
 Prove they're undone, and they caress ye:
 For nothing suits the mob of Britain,
 No single subject you can hit on,
 Like proving that no mortal elves
 Are half so wretched as themselves!

* A famous Ballad Printer in 1779.

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B. 'Tis a strange temper, but 'tis true,
 And wise folks, such as me and you,
 Should still consult what people like,
 And, while the Iron's hot, should strike :
 But still there must be sense and reason
 In steering clear of serious treason ;
 And Treason, if aright I see,
 Levels her shafts at Ministry,
 Whom to attack's less safe by far,
 Than 'gainst the King to wage the War :
 Kings sit far off, and do not see
 The arrow shot by such as we :
 But Men in office keep their spies,
 To furnish daily truth and lies,
 To watch the press, which else would groan
 With deeds atrocious—all their own.
 One time 'Squire *Wilkes* and *forty-five*
 Kept all our honest hopes alive ;
 He swore no Printer should be robb'd,
 But now we find they all are fobb'd ;
 He, like the rest, accepts a place,
 And leaves us in a piteous case,
 And since made Chamberlain of London *,
 I fear the Printers all are undone !
 And then for us, pray who'll relieve us ?
 I fear the Parish must receive us.

W. Lord help the Blockhead, how you prate
 Of Kings and Ministers of State ;

* Written in December, 1779.

Of Wilkes, and all his blackguard crew,
 Pray what are they to me or you?
 Business will thrive if well we tend it;
 Let's get a penny, and then spend it:
 For me, I swear, there's nothing in't,
 Nor dread to sing whate'er they print.

DIALOGUE XLIX.

Between a HUSBAND and WIFE of Dunmow,
 in Essex.

W. **H**USBAND, who left this flitch of
 Bacon?

Surely the fool was much mistaken
 To think a married pair could dwell
 One year, nor let their passions swell
 So as to make on Earth a Hell.

H. Whoe'er it was, I'm sure 'tis true
 He did not leave for me or you;
 Our daily squabbles prove that we
 No candidates for Bacon be.

W. But let us quit the usual fuss,
 This little matter to discuss:
 Tell me, as much as you know of it,
 How many pair have made the profit.

H. In all my reading I could see
 The History of no more than three:

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That have e'en claim'd it, and of those
'Twixt two some difficulties rose,
That spoil'd the intention of the Donor,
And got the Bacon no new owner.

W. And who were those?

H. The first a pair
Who liv'd in honest love the year;
No quarrel they had ever had;
The Husband good, the Wife not bad,
And would have surely gain'd the Bacon,
But in their parish were mistaken;
'Twas found, and found it was no joke,
They were not native Dunmow folk:
On this strict point the cause did hitch,
And, tho' they hunger'd, lost the fitch.

W. The second—What of them my dear?

H. They too had dwelt the live long year
In harmony that's seldom seen,
The best of married pairs between;
So that the neighbours were astonish'd,
And each good Man his Wife admonish'd
To take example by the *Dame*;
And make her conduct just the same,
While all the Women said and swore,
No Man was found like him before;
So good, so tender of his Wife,
—O! they must lead a Heavenly life!

Now

Now mark what comes—the honest Man
 Swore roundly to their duteous plan;
 Swore roundly they had kept the vow,
 And his he thought the Bacon now;
 When the curst wife the secret crost,
 By which their blooming hopes were lost.
 “ You lie (said she) and you’re to blame,
 “ We quarrell’d all the way we came,
 “ Wrangled who should the Bacon carry;—
 “ No Woman such a Wretch would marry!”
 The Court adjudg’d that all was gone,
 And both their fairest hopes o’erblown;
 Home without Bacon did they trudge,
 And blam’d themselves, and curs’d the Judge.

W. What of the third, good husband, what?
 You say that they the bounty got!

H. Why yes—but in so odd a way,
 In truth I blush the truth to say:
 The Husband was a Sailor brave,
 Who the long year had rode the wave;
 Nor from the wedding-hour had seen
 His Wife, nor gone the sheets between.
 It was not possible that they
 Should wrangle, from the bridal day;
 And surely, when the Man return’d,
 His breast with so much ardor burn’d,
 He could not quarrel with the wife
 He’d left for all their married life.

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In one short word, the fitch was given,
To the best couple under Heaven :
For how should those folks disagree
Who never meet, like you and me ?

W. True, Husband, and just now I think on,
(Sure as the De'il looks over Lincoln)
That you and I should oftener part,
Each to secure the other's heart.

H. Right—Other company we'll seek,
And meet (suppose) but once a week.

W. What say you (we must fix on one day)
Suppose the meeting-day be Sunday ?

H. Content—I well your plan approve,
We'll keep the SABBATH OF OUR LOVE !

D I A L O G U E L.

Between an extravagant young HUSBAND, and
his rich WIFE, whom he married for her
Money.

[Enter Husband, from a night's debauch.]

H. **H**A! D—me, where are all my Slaves ?
How vile this Rascal here behaves !—
Where's your Mistress, Villain, where ?
Confound the Rascal, how you stare.

O,

O, ho! I hear her——Servant, Ma'am,
Lord help ye, how you blush for shame!

W. For shame, indeed!—asham'd that you,
Whom once I worthy thought, and true,
Should thus abuse your trusting wife;
I fear I'm doom'd to blush for life.
Full of the consequence of wealth,
You do but trifle with your health;
In Taverns riot half the day,
And sleep the other half away;
Then rise, when others rest, at night,
And, in fair reason's mere despite,
To vilest brothels you repair,
(Anxious to seek destruction there,)
Associate with the basest crew,
The filth and scum of every Stew;
And when at morning you return,
Expect your Wife with love should burn,
And, full of all your fancied charms,
Raptur'd receive you to her arms.

H. Why aye,—there were some sense in this—
Come hither, Love, and give's a kiss—
When I return be you still kind,
And fix Love's padlock on my mind.

W. Your mind! Ah Sir! too much I fear
Love cannot make impression there:
The little God of darts and stings
Flies from the Stews on Light'ning's wings,

In

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In virtuous hearts erects his throne,
And burns with purest fires alone.

H. D—me, if I can comprehend
Which way your curious tale would tend,
Or how conceive that Love and me,
Such ancient friends, should disagree;
For much it does my heart perplex,
That I was born to love the Sex;
For any she that's kind and willing,
Down from ten Guineas to a Shilling,
Is still my money.—Who can say
That I from love e'er ran away?

W. That is your fault—illicit Love
Your curse and mine is doom'd to prove.
The Man that roves from she to she,
Charm'd with false love of liberty,
The genuine raptures ne'er has known
That spring from loving one alone.
Pure is the bliss——

H. Nay, Madam, now
You'll make me break the Marriage vow;
But you shall keep it—and I say
I'll make you know the word OBEY:
Get me some Coffee, for my head
Swims damnably—and then to bed;
There I'll sleep off the fumes of wine,
And at th' approach of night I'll shine
A Constellation—brighter far
Than any other evening star.

[Exit.
W. Hard

W. Hard is my lot, and harder still
 My misery rises from my will;
 For yet I love him—Let him do
 Just as he will, my heart is true:
 And tho' ten thousand faults I see,
 Still the base wretch is dear to me.
 From my sad Fate be Woman taught
 No Rake is worth one moment's thought:
 The Wretch who flies from Fair to Fair,
 No virtuous Woman's love should share;
 For surely he can ne'er be kind,
 In body tainted, as in mind;
 And who for more than one is born,
 Should taste of every Woman's scorn.

DIALOGUE LI.

Between a Liberal HUSBAND, and a WIFE
 who denies his Family the Conveniencies of Life.

H. **M**ADAM, whatever you may think,
 To live, we all must eat and drink,
 Nor shall my servants fare the worse
 Because to you I trust the purse.
 If you, on this illiberal plan,
 Henceforth refuse to Maid or Man,
 The food which nature may require,
 Or stint in raimen, or in fire,

I shall

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I shall resume the Husband's power,
And take your influence one peg lower.

W. Lord, Husband! why you don't conceive
How difficult it is to live;
All articles are now so dear
We very soon must starve, I fear;
Life's Lottery yields, to my poor eyes,
A *Workhouse* for the last great prize.

H. Unthankful you for blessings sent,
When you should sit you down content,
And grateful own the hand of Heaven,
For all the blessings that are given.
How many of the pining poor
Now pining beg from door to door,
And when they've glean'd their scanty bread,
Know not to lay the houseless head!
How many pine in want at home,
Sickness denying power to roam!
How many fare still worse than these,
Whom Fortune once had strove to please,
Had courted with her costliest charms,
And fondly wooed them to her arms!
But now, alas! the scene how chang'd,
The fickle Goddess how estrang'd!
On the cold bed of want they lie,
With heaving breast, and streaming eyes;
From death alone they hope relief,
In silent agony of grief;

For

For high-born minds, when fortune's scant,
 Feel all th' extravagance of want.
 Since ill can they the misery brook
 With humble tone, and plaintive look,
 The boon of kindness to implore,
 Or ask of Wealth imparted Store:
 And shall we, base ingrates, complain?

W. Yes—I must speak who feel the pain,
 Worse pain than actual want can know,
 Since 'tis the dread on't makes my woe.

H. Unhappy temper! but for this,
 You might enjoy all human bliss;
 For sure so ample is our store,
 That Avarice need not wish for more;
 And we might Misery's wants supply
 Ere misery rais'd th' imploring eye:
 Thus kindly yielding our relief,
 And stopping half the source of grief.

W. These are strange notions——

H. Wherefore strange?
 Throughout Creation's ample range,
 See Godlike Charity impart
 Relief and Joy to every heart.
 Think of one Wretch you know by name,
 He helps to form the general claim:
 'Tis for each other that we live;
 And God relieves them when we give.

W. Then

W. Then I must e'en resign my claim
 To be your Treasurer—for the name
 Of Charity is all I know,
 Nor ever will a groat bestow
 But where 'tis due. I will not give
 One single shilling while I live.
 Why I should give what all may earn,
 In honest truth I can't discern;
 The parish poors-rate is so high,
 Their wants we scarcely can supply:
 Why should we think of any other?
 —In truth I will not, tho' my brother.

H. Unhappy Wretch, with heart of steel,
 Who for the wretched canst not feel:
 Instant thy *starving task* resign,
 The bliss of DOING GOOD be mine!

DIALOGUE LII.

Between a ROMAN CATHOLIC HUSBAND
 and his METHODIST WIFE.

W. CURS'D be the day, and curs'd the hour,
 When, leaving honour in the lurch,
 I yielded up a Woman's power
 To one of such a different Church.

H. And

H. And ah ! be more than curs'd the day,
 When, tempted by thy specious face,
 From good St. Peter led astray,
 And unregardful of his grace ;
 Despising every friendly plea,
 Nor heeding all the warning given,
 I tack'd my wretched self to thee,
 And lost my fairest claim to Heaven.

W. What claim, good Sir, I wish to know,
 Have you, that others may not make ?
 Shall God his mercy all forego,
 And keep his Heaven but for your sake ?
 What is this boasted Church of your's,
 That claims exemption from all ill,
 And Hell, and deep Damnation pours,
 On those who fail to do her will ?

H. Madam, no more. I will not hear
 'Gainst Holy Mother Church one word ;
 You know our Faith as Heaven is clear,
 And every other mode absurd.
 You know, from Peter's self descended,
 Pure and unmix'd the stream has run ;
 With every other faith unblended,
 And chaste as a professing Nun.

W. Faith, Sir, that very well may be,
 If truth from Hist'ry's page I learn,
 For many a blooming, tempting she
 With Chastity has no concern :

The

The Monks and Friars——

H. Peace, prophane!
How dare you utter such a word?

No History can their annals stain,
Their lives devoted to the Lord!

All peace, contentment, pray'r and song,
Serene they pass each holy day,
Their holy vigils Saints prolong,
And Angels hover while they pray.

W. 'Tis Priestcraft, fraud, and nonsense all,
To gull the weak, and blind their eyes,
And none but meereft fools can fall
To their mean arts a sacrifice.

I hold it for a truth undoubted,
No Man of sentiment and honour
E'er yet by Romish Church was flouted,
With all the rags priests hang upon her.

Their gay and solemn mummeries cheat
The ignorant, poor, deluded croud,
Who tread their paths with reverend feet,
Poor things!—of being cheated proud.

H. Say, have you done, you Devil, say?

W. Good Husband, one slight word, I pray:
Were there no more against your Church
Than TRANSUBSTANTIATION'S creed,
Plain sense would leave you in the lurch,
And claim more help in time of need.

But

But you, O dreadful thought! believe

God shuts his ears to all but you,

Nor will one Candidate receive

But of your holy Church, and true:

What of that Church then can I say,

Which, stiff in error, will not grant

That Heaven will hear me when I pray,

But still refuse the boon I want:

As if God's creatures were not all

Th' immediate objects of his care;

As if the MIND that governs all

Should bid one single Wretch despair!

H. Now you have done, pray let me say

From your own cause you run away:

That Catholics may be deceiv'd

The Protestants have long believ'd;

But sure, of all protesting folk,

You new-born Saints should never joke.

When *Whitefield* first in trade set up,

And *Wesley* built his Gospel-shop,

Good Lord! what daily crouds of fools,

The Parsons Bankers! and their tools!

How did they sigh, and heave, and groan,

For crimes imagin'd but their own!

The Preacher told them they were damn'd;

At once the easy fools were bamm'd:

Again they heave, again they sigh,

And weep and groan,—they know not why:

—But

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—But the Priest knows—for he receives
All that the public folly gives.
Was there—I pr'ythee, Madam, tell us,
From bed or clock, to tongs or bellows,
Aught that a Woman had to give,
Your holy Priests would not receive?

W. Sir—Monster—Villain—

H. Wife, you lie—
No Villain, surely, Ma'am am I,
But for a Monster—faith you know,
If I deserve that term or no.

Enter a Neighbour.

N. What the old work—good Folks—O fie!
Your conduct gives your faith the lie:
When with Religion's flame beginning,
Your Dialogue still ends in finning.

Let me one serious truth unfold;—
'Tis not the Tyrant, or the Scold,
Can e'er Religion's cause advance,
Can e'er your worldly weal enhance:
But one plain fact I wish to say;
—You both mistake the genuine way—
Extreams are bad—to you—to you—
I say, TRUTH *lies* BETWIXT the TWO.

DIALOGUE LIH.

Between a CAPTAIN in the AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE and his WIFE.

W. I'M mighty glad of your returning,
From practice vile, in climes all burning,
And, as I long have lov'd you dearly,
Permit me now to hope sincerely,
That you will take a final leave
Of your base trade—

C. Why, Child of EVE,
What crotchet's got across your brain,
That I should not to Sea again?

W. To Sea, Sir, you may freely go,
To help to crush our haughty foe,
Aye—boldly drive across the main,
To scourge the insolence of Spain,
Teach France that her insidious arts,
But tend to bind all British hearts :
But for this Slave-trade—

C. What of it?

W. Ah Sir ! you cannot think it fit,
That those who wish their neighbours good,
Should basely trade in human blood,
That those who wish for Liberty,
Should deny others to be free ;

Or

Or that a genuine Son of Britain,
 A more infernal plan could hit on,
 Than carrying Freemen o'er the Waves,
 And selling them for life as Slaves.
 Detested traffic!—

C. Idle talk!

Why you one source of wealth would baulk,
 And, in your wisdom, strive to prove
 They do not feel their Country's love,
 (But basely Nature's rights invade,)
 Who strive but to support her trade.

W. Curs'd trade, of most infernal sort,
 That asks, or seeks for such support.
 Why, Sir,—you drag the harmless Wife
 From every comfort of her life;
 From Husband and from Child you tear
 The Wife most kind, the Mother dear;
 From Virgins, Lovers you command,
 And drag them to a distant land;
 From Lovers you their Sweethearts take,
 And far across the watery lake
 Sell them to slavery:—far away,
 They hate the night and curse the day,
 As each revolving period rolls,
 That tells them CHRISTIANS HAVE NO SOULS:

C. You take your flighty notions high.

W. Aye, Sir, I take them from the sky:
 The Voice of Nature loud exclaims,
 And reprobates their cursed names,

Who,

Who, stung by keenest lust of gold,
But to each fine sensation cold ;
Dead to those feelings that arise,
And warm the heart, and stream the eyes ;
Dead to each great and liberal plan
Which elevates the soul of Man,
Can basely truck, can vilely barter
Of great Humanity the Charter,
And tell our Fellows, good as we,
Heaven order'd they should not be free.

C. Our Fellows? Reptiles, base and vile,
Compar'd with us of this fair Isle.

W. HE made *this* Isle, who form'd *their* land,
The God of all supreme command ;
The mighty SIRE of FREEDOM, HE
Bade all his Children EQUAL be ;
But *Vice* arose, in shape of *Gold*,
And Freemen's rights *profanely sold*.
No more—

C. But Negroes—Blacks, I say.

W. Why were not we as black as they?
Distinction this of Climate all ;
Look coolly round this earthly ball,
And while from clime to clime you range
With Fancy's eye, but mark the change.
Are there two Climates on the Globe,
Where Nature wears the self-same robe ?

I

No

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No—nothing like it—much is done
By potent influence of the Sun,
And much by custom—

C. You for me
Are much too wise.

W. Too honest, say :
In Afric born, as black as they,
You, Sir, some Negro Nymph your flame,
Had pin'd for her you sell to shame,
And humbly courted for a Wife,
The Wretch you make a slave for life.
Think but on this, and humbly trust,
In HIM who over all is just :
Change your profession, change your plan,
And worthy live the name of MAN !

D I A L O G U E L I V .

Between a NEWS-CARRIER and his WIFE.

W. **F** A I T H, 'tis enough to make one fret,
This Extraordinary Gazette;
Near midnight ere we get the print,
And then, forsooth, there's nothing in't;
And reading, all the folks agree
'Tis very *Extraordinary* !

N. Nay,

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N. Nay, *Mary*, none of your fly strokes,
 These are not times for cutting jokes;
 There may be danger in't, you know,
 To Newgate restive Printers go;
 And why should we, who hawk their labours,
 More favour find than do our Neighbours?
 Nay, 'tis most likely we'll find less,
 We GREAT SUPPORTERS of the PRESS!
 You know we tip 'em many a hint,
 And vainly they would write or print,
 If we did not their labours greet
 With bawling notes in every street.

W. True, Husband ('tis between ourselves)
 We are the Individual elves
 That make the streets of London ring,
 To sell the nonsense of the K—;
 I beg his pardon, but I mean
 The nonsense that his Servants glean,
 To cheat us all, and hum the Nation
 With hopes of general salvation,
 While we all know the whole they're doing
 But drags us down to speedy ruin.

N. True, *Mary*, very true indeed,
 While the plow goes we cry "God speed:"
 But such a pass are things at now,
 None but the Devil speeds the plow;
 And he drives on so wond'rous fast,
 It seems his worship is in haste

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To plow up all the ground full well,
And raise a crop of corn for Hell.

W. Well—you're a humourous Man I vow,
But how d'ye mean?—the Devil's plow?
Why sure the Devil an't turn'd Farmer?

N. Yes but he is, in truth, my Charmer;
And many a sturdy Swain has he,
That understands his husbandry.

W. Husband—I hope I'm not to blame,
But pray his fav'rite servants name.

N. First there's the famous John o' Bute,
Who sows the Corn, and reaps the Fruit;
Then there's his partner, Caen-wood Will,
Who hopes to drive that corn to mill;
But Englishmen, who wish to thrive,
Hope 'twont be ripe while Will's alive;
For he to t'other World is bound,
Fast as the clack of mill goes round:
These the head servants; but there's more
To help 'em out, at least a score:
PINCHEY they make to hold the plough,
Tho' no Man living less knows how;
One Frederick North is bid to drive,
The clumsiest Plow-boy now alive;
Yet briskly hies he o'er the land,
The *Cattle* all at his command:
Some he feeds well, some strokes, and pats some,
Which makes the Creatures wond'rous gladsome,

So

So that they thoughtless pull along,
 'Tho' every hour they get more wrong,
 And neither think, nor see, nor smell,
 That Frederick's driving 'em to Hell.
 God help us! Mary—and a pox on
 That Frederick, and his *Yoke of Oxen*.

DIALOGUE LV.

BETWEEN AN AGENT FOR MATRIMONIAL
 CONCERNS, commonly called a MARRIAGE-
 BROKER, and his DECOY DUCK.

A. **W**ELL, my dear Lucy, what d'ye think,
 Is not our trade the trade for *chink*?
 Have we not hit it *to a hole*,
 And teach we not to *post the coal*?

D. Yes, Sir, I think we well contrive,
 If we can keep the scheme alive:
 All that I fear is 'twill not hold,
 For "all that glitters is not gold;"
 A safe game, therefore, would I play,
 And "While the Sun shines make the hay."

A. Fear not, sweet Partner, we shall do
 Much more than I first thought, or you:
 "Sure as the Devil looks over Lincoln,"
 There are more Fools than you can think on.

These common proverbs much I like,
 They strong upon the fancy strike;
 And "Sure," I say, "as G—d's in Gloucester,"
 Our warmest wishes we may foster:
 And now, to come the subject nigher,
 (A short quotation from Matt. Prior)
 "While Men have such ambitious fancies,
 "And wanton Wenches read romances,
 "One Sex will, what? out with it—Lie,
 "And one in equal strains reply."
 Prior, alive, would not be vex'd
 At the slight change I've made i'th' text;
 'The Sermon from it I would preach,
 Lucy, your ears alone should reach.

D. Say on, for I am all attention
 To every word that you may mention.

A. Then list—you'll find my Sermon true,
 And not one sneer at me or you;
 For seeing other folks miscarry,
 We, Lucy, wiser are than marry.

D. Say what you will of other folks;—
 For me, I relish not your jokes.

A. Thus then it is—When Age and Youth
 A mutual confidence expect,
 They'll find that what they hop'd as truth
 Will quickly end in cold neglect.
 Or ere the honey-moon be past,
 If honey-moon should e'er arrive,

They'll

They'll find THAT Love can never last
Which Lust or Interest kept alive :

For how should threescore years and ten
With sturdy Twenty-one accord ?
When antient Dames will wed such Men,
They can but hope a Tyrant Lord.

View the bold Teague, with brawny back,
The Lady Grizzle he addresses ;
He talks of Love—what she may lack
The Swain, tho' not enamoured, guesses :

But still the Lady loves in vain,
Her Husband only loves her money,
And, one day past, will she complain
The quick departure of her honey.

Thus 'tis thro' every age of life,
Unequal things averfely mix,
Like oil and vinegar, at strife,
The point of Union none can fix.

D. That's true—yet you and I agree
To prove that Girls of Sixty-three,
In love may very well accord,
Altho' the Love-determin'd lord
May not have reach'd his twentieth year—

A. Yes—and we'll prove it full as clear,
That Girls in Wedlock may entwine
With Grey-beard Swains of Sixty-nine ;
And that each intervening age
In love's sweet commerce may engage,

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If any she shall choose her Man,
In correspondence with our plan,
Or woman, if a Man shall choose her,
And the kind she be no refuser.
Give us the hint, the cash, 'tis done;
Then follows matrimonial fun.
Say, Lucy, shall I sing the Lay,
Which I have scribbled down to-day:

D. O yes! I think it well describes
The force of matrimonial bribes;
Gives the true picture of our trade,
All we would make, or all have made;
We surely fish on certain rules,
Angle for CASH, and bait with FOOLS.

S O N G.

A. Would a Man have a Wife
To travel thro' Life,
Let him take his directions from me?
His wants I'll supply,
For I've one in my eye,
Proportion'd exact to the FEE.

Toll de roll, &c.

Would a Woman be wed?
Ere she take to her bed
Her Consort, for better, for worse;
Let her cast aside care
To the Office repair,
And I'll judge—by the weight of her purse.

Is

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Is a hearty young Blade
In pursuit of a Maid,
Of fortune more ample than his?
Let him count out the pence,
And I'll send him from hence,
With a legal permission to kiss.

Is the Girl of Sixteen
Now doubting between,
The force of obedience and love?
The die shall be cast
While to Calais they haste,
If her purse can her scruples remove.

Would the Widow again,
Find the Man of all Men,
Whose heart may accord with her own?
Why such Men may be got,
And she'll bless her dear lot,
Provided she will but—come down.

Is the Childless old Don
In want of a Son,
To inherit his acres and trees?
I've a Girl in my eye,
All his wants shall supply,
So he tip me—such *spinners* as these.

Is the toothless old Dame,
Half scorch'd with the flame,

Which

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Which in vain she endeavours to quench ?
I've a Lad for her turn,
Who like tinder shall burn,
For—fifty per Cent. on the Wench.
In a word, I'm the Man,
And I boast of my plan,
Who for Wives can good Husbands provide ;
And good Husbands for Wives,
To the end of their lives,
—If sooner they should not be cloy'd.
Toll de roll, &c.

D I A L O G U E LVI.

Between a Pair of WEDDED POLITICIANS,
about raising the *Supplies*.

W. WELL, Husband, I have read the papers,
And faith they put me in the vapours ;
I cannot see what we are doing,
But driving headlong down to ruin ;
It is not obvious to my eyes,
How we shall raise the next supplies :
America is lost for ever,
The Word for Ireland's, *now or never* * ;
And truth to speak without a joke,
In all our wheels they put a spoke.

* Written in December, 1779.

H. 'Pshaw !

H. 'Pshaw! 'Pshaw! you flimsy Politician,
 England is in no bad condition,
 Ah! would that I were state physician!
 I'd feel the pulse of France and Spain,
 And fairly duck 'em in the Main;
 For States with mad Ambition bit,
 Salt Water is the cure most fit.
 I warrant I'd soon set all right,
 And England should be gainer by't;
 I'd soon discharge the public debt:—

W. Lord help us! how you make one fret!
 You'd bring the public matters round,
 Who can't pay ten-pence in the pound!
 I pray let public debts alone,
 Till you have learnt to pay your own:
 Here every day come people dunning,
 And yet for all your craft and cunning,
 Sagacious as you are, and wise,
 You cannot raise *your own supplies*:
 Here I, and three fine babes are starving,
 While you for England's weal are carving:
 Heaven shield us! We'd be constant Starvers,
 If we could find no better Carvers:
 But thanks to some folks in the City:—

H. Nay, Wife,—tho' cunning, don't be witty;
 What have your City friends been doing,
 To save this wretched land from ruin;
 Have Wilkes, and all his scurvy set,
 Sunk, more than you, the public debt?

Have Sawbridge, Townsend, Crosby, Lee,
Procur'd one grain of Liberty?

And might they not as well been dumb,
As Kennet, Esdaile, Hart, or Plumbe?
Or if they spoke, in mere despite,
Might nothing say,—like Sheriff Wright:
The best of all, 'twixt me and you,
Is the plain Welchman, Evan Pugh,
Who stands among 'em *all a Row*,
Nor shines, nor longs to make a shew;
His utmost wish, his utmost hope,
To make—and then to sell, his soap.

W. Nay, nay, good husband, don't be warm,
We do not take the Fort by storm;
But gently sapping by degrees,
We'll make an entry when we please.

Were it not for those gallant Men
Who make for England's weal a stand,
One dash of North's projecting pen,
Would hurl destruction o'er the land.

Taxes already run so high,
The consequence of public strife,
The poor cannot provisions buy
To drag the weary load of life:

And if some folks are not cut short,
And stopt amidst their high career,
We shall be servile slaves o'th' Court
Before revolves one fleeting year.

H. No

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H. No matter, if we must submit,
If North or Shelburne be in power;
Perhaps 'tis not in human wit
To sink this wretched empire lower.

W. But human wisdom may devise,
Some plan the Fabric to restore,
And shew, to Million wond'ring eyes,
Britain, as seen in days of yore.

H. That wisdom, if aright I guess,
You need not seek full far to find,
Th' Idea does my soul impress,
And stands imprinted on my mind..

W. Great Politician! let us hear,
How you would set your Country clear;
How you would raise the vast supplies,
And bid your Country's Genius rise
From deep dejection and despair,
And courting Hope, nor fearing Care,
On Independence build her throne,
And trust no credit but her own.

H. First then—(no matter for your sneering,
I now expect a patient hearing,)
I'd turn out all the scurvy set
That run my Country deep in debt!
New Men, new measures—I would find
A Ministry to ENGLAND's mind,
No Scot among 'em—for I see,
The UNION makes us DISAGREE;

The

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The year design'd to make us even,
 The famous *seventeen hundred seven*,
 And of all days the *first of May* *,
 Has led this Country far astray
 From her true interest—Still we find,
 While ENGLAND to herself is blind,
 Th' insidious Scot puts in his face,
 Makes every claim, fills every place;
 And when once in, the scurvy lout,
 The Devil cannot get him out.
 Not so of IRELAND, or of WALES;
 With those true honour holds the scales,
 And native sense and worth proclaim
 Their Souls, their sentiments the same :
 Of these then, in the hour of need,
 And Britons Southward of the Tweed,
 A Ministry would I compose,
 Nor fear to scourge my Country's foes :
 Every good plan would I revive,
 To keep OLD ENGLAND's hopes alive ;
 Take off the Taxes on the poor,
 And lay them at the rich Man's door ;
 And while all needful things went free,
 Load every kind of luxury :
 Nor is this all—

W. I wish it were,
 For you are half a Fool, my dear ;

* The Act of Union between England and Scotland took place on May-Day 1707.

Your

Your plan for raising the supplies ;—

H. ay, Madam, you're not mighty wise,
Nor does good manners much prevail,
To interrupt me in my tale :
What was it I was going to say ?
(The Devil take your tongue to-day)
I'd calculate each place of profit,—

W. 'Pshaw, Blockhead, you'll make nothing
of it :

You don't know half so well as I—

H. 'Tis false,—

W. 'Tis true,—

H. You lie,—

W. You lie.

D I A L O G U E LVII.

Between a PORTRAIT PAINTER, and his
WIFE.

W. **M**Y dear, 'tis very strange to me,
That black and white should well agree,
And, differing only in the name,
Ugly and handsome be the same.
'Tis a strange art, this same of your's,
That Beauty's brightest radiance pours,
And every charm, and every grace,
And equal all, o'er every face.

'T was

'Twas but last week a dowdy Dame,
 High-dried from Bucklersbury came :
 She fat, her features well you noted,
 And tho' her face was puff'd and bloated,
 You took her likeness—it *was* like,
 The face e'en common eyes must strike ;
 And yet, and this is what so odd is,
 You made the clumsy jade a Goddess :
 Not the fair Queen who knows to rove,
 Thro' Paphian land, or Cyprian grove,
 In all her sweetest airs could be
 More tempting, or more sweet than she.

H. Why that's the art—

W. She took it,—paid,
 But did not wonder at your trade ;
 She said 'twas well, 'twas mighty right ;
 And so in honest truth she might ;
 There was, nor could be, ought to blame,
 She Angel went, who Devil came.
 Lord ! thought I, was thus clumsy thing,
 The destin'd wife of some great King ;
 When he her picture should receive,
 More blest than Adam with his Eve ;
 The portrait would his sense astound *,
 He'd think all Paradise around ;
 Would kiss the picture, bless the hour,
 That brought all Heaven within his power,

* The old word for "astonish."

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And yet (how human hopes are crost !)
 He'd find his PARADISE *was* LOST,
 And swear the Painter meant to ape
 The Devil, in the Woman's face ;
 And find, when she his sight should strike,
 Nothing so just, yet so unlike :
 Now husband tell me, can it be
 That you make opposites agree ?

H. Nothing so easy,—now suppose
 Your small grey eyes and turn'd-up nose,
 You are not mighty handsome—

W.

Fie !

H. Look pleas'd, and give your phiz the lie.

W. Abominable !—What d'ye mean ?

H. Yet from your features could I glean
 A handsome face—all Women smile
 In hopes the Painters art to guile,
 That very smile bestows some grace,
 And lights some beauty in the face :
 Besides, the “ human face Divine *,”
 With some small radiance needs must shine ;
 There never yet was Phiz so foul,
 Tho' Hell itself might cross it scowl,
 But some slight sunshine would appear,
 To shew that Heaven had once been there,
 And left some trifling beam of light,
 To chase the horrors of the night.

* Milton.

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This beam, whate'er it be, the Painter
Catches, and least it should grow fainter,
Pencils it down, and spreads it wide,
And bids it beam on every side ;
Thus gain we unknown charms and grace,
And light with beauty every face.

W. Suppose an Animal should call,
Of Features who had none at all,
A mere dead lump of painted clay,
Like the young Lordling here to-day ;
How for *his* picture would you try ?

H. Throw sense and meaning in his eye ;
Give him what nature never gave,
And raise a Chatham from the grave ;
Keen, piercing, should the eye be found,
And dart its influence all around.

W. 'Twould not be like——

H. O yes it would,
From evil sometimes rises good :
The eye would animate the rest,
And the wise Lord would stand confest,
While wond'ring friends would stare, and say
The Painter merited his pay,
Great was his skill, and vast that art
Which such a likeness could impart.

W. Suppose a subject with one eye ?

H. Why only turn his face awry ;—

Indeed

Indeed the question makes one smile,
Why fairly take him in-profile.

W. Suppose a Nymph of Sixty-three?

H. Why make her what she longs to be,
The blooming damsel of Eighteen,
(No matter for the space between)
The Limner sure must be a dunce
Who cannot judge what she was once :
Give half a Century in her favour,
You'll surely win her heart for ever.

This is my mystery and art,
By honest skill to win the heart,
And much it adds to my renown,
And swells my fame throughout the town,
That I can make the World my friend,
And profit thus with pleasure blend.

D I A L O G U E LVIII.

Between a YOUNG COUPLE, on the Day of
Marriage.

H. **A** Thousand Thanks, Letitia dear,
That you have honour'd with your hand,
On this blest day of all the year,
The Man whose life's at your command :

Still

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Still shall you find him just and true,
And faithful to the Marriage vow,
For rolling years will he love you,
As fondly as he loves you now;

And when life's wintry day arrive,
Still will I press you to my breast,
And still shall love be kept alive,
By thought of joys we once possess.

For youthful love, then melted down,
In tender friendship's holy name,
Serenity joys Love's Eve shall crown,
The purer, tho' the gentler flame.

And when, ah! when the hour shall come
That we by Death's decree must part,
The stroke that calls one Lover home,
Shall rive the other's constant heart.

W. Sweet HUSBAND! O delightful sound!
Still may you kind and constant prove,
And bliss be ne'er imperfect found,
Till your own Letty flights your love:

So peaceful shall we walk thro' life,
The happiest Husband, and the fondest Wife.

H. I cannot doubt my Letty's truth;
I've known her from her earliest youth;
Sincere to all, the lovely she
Can ne'er, I'm sure, prove false to me.

No single doubt torments my mind,
 No single pang assails my breast;
 Who always lov'd will still be kind:
 —I leave to Heaven and her the rest.

We're so far blest with fortune's store,
 No dread of want need break our peace;
 Free will we aid the suffering poor,
 Whose prayers shall bid our joys increase.

W. Blest task! to give the boon be thine,
 To deal the generous dole be mine;
 Thy grateful Almoner I'll prove,
 And bid the poor my Husband love,
 Who gives them bread——

H. Too generous wife!
 In this, nor aught, will we have strife,
 But who shall do the most of good,
 And swiftest sail adown the flood
 Of warm benevolence——

W. Agreed;
 Henceforth no Wretch oppress'd by need,
 By the cold hand of want oppress'd,
 In vain shall heave his aching breast,
 No more shall look in vain, and sigh,
 While *WE* and *CHARITY* are by.

H. This very day then lets begin
 The love of all the poor to win;
 A grateful offering I shall deem
 To *HIM* from whom flows mercy's stream,

This

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This proof of my intended life,
To him who gave me such a Wife.

W. This is true passion—I approve
The grateful earnest of your love;
From us then be it understood,
Who FEED the POOR, THEMSELVES are GOOD.

D I A L O G U E L I X.

Between a CITY MACARONI and his WIFE.

M. **W**HAT tho' at Bagnigge-wells I found ye,
With all the fluttering fools about ye,
D'ye think, 'cause Blockheads will surround ye,
A Man of sense can't live without ye?

W. A Man of sense! a Fool I'm sure——

M. A Fool indeed! to wed a W——

W. Heyday! Sir Numscull, what d'ye chatter?
I'll quickly make you turn your tone:

M. Nay, Madam, 'tis no mighty matter,
At present you'll be left alone:

Good b'ye, my Love,——

W. Nay, where so fast?
You were not always in such haste
To leave me——

M. No, nor you, I swear,
So ready to affront, my dear:

Farewel,

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Farewel, sweet *Cara Sposa*.

W. Devil!

Source of, and tempter to, all evil.

M. Once more farewel——

W. Why whither bound?

M. To the Play, the Opera, any where,

Sense with some noise, or only sound,

'Tis just the same, so you're not there.

W. Now, Monster, you are quite provoking:

What have I done, that I should meet

This insult vile?

M. Nay, now you're joking;
But Scandal runs on swiftest feet.

W. What say my foes?

M. My Friends declare,
Your bold and confidential air,
The forward look with which you greet
Each well-dressed Fellow that you meet,
And all your airs of levity,
Forebode no peace of mind to me.

W. And is this all? Is mere surmise,
Mere information from the eyes,
To prove that you have cause for hate,
And fix your *Clara's* future fate?
I cannot bear it——

[*Weeps.*

M. Nay, those tears,
If they're expressive of your fears,

Would

Would have their fullest weight with me :

W. No, you are blind, and will not see ;—
My heart but beats for you alone,
And you may call it all your own.

M. Ah ! would I could !

W. Indeed you may ;
In thought or word I never stray ;
But habit, curfed custom, gave
The foon-learnt art to misbehave ;
When mingled with the thoughtlefs throng,
In public place, in dance or fong,
Soon I acquir'd the dangerous way
To feem as thoughtlefs quite as they :
But ftill my heart is pure——

M. Ah, why
Should you or I, then, turn awry
From the plain path, and be the slaves
Of fashion, and her fools and knaves?

W. No more—let us at once reform,
And quit the ship ere comes the storm :
These public places, made for fools,
For Virtue are but wretched schools ;
Let's quit at once——

M. I'm well inclin'd ;
Domestic blifs brings peace of mind,
And free from nonsense, noise, and strife,
" Makes the glad Husband, and the happy Wife."

D I A-

DIALOGUE LX.

Between a PLAIN TRADESMAN and his
WIFE, on putting out their Children in the
World.

W. **H**USBAND, the Boys now grow apace,
God send 'em luck, and grant 'em grace.
I think 'tis time we should contrive
How in the World they best may thrive.

T. Why aye, it often strikes my thought
To what professions they'll be brought;
They're old enough to get their bread,
To live when you and I are dead.
Suppose we make the first a Baker,
Young Dick can be an Undertaker;
These are sure trades, 'twixt you and I,
For all must eat, and all will die.

W. Lord, Husband! very much I wonder
What 'tis can keep Ambition under;
You have no spirit in your breast,
Or day and night you could not rest,
Till each had got a good profession,
And a genteel one, in possession.
An Undertaker! Heaven, and where
D'ye get that thought? you make me stare;
A nasty, servile, dirty trade,
Link'd with the shovel and the spade;

K

Death-

Death-Hunters in their fairest forms,
 Are but Companions vile for worms,
 Wretches, who to their latest breath,
 In search of life but hunt for death.
 No, no, my Boy shall never be
 The Herald of Mortality,
 A walking Tomb-stone, to proclaim
 The records of departed fame.

T. Well, Wife—in matters such as these
 You'll have your way—do what you please :
 With you I'll have no wordy war,
 But for the Boy 'twere better far,
 'Twere better far that he should have
 A Trade, tho' coupled with the grave,
 'Than still to be with gain at strife,
 And struggle still with death, thro' life.

W. No—no—from drudgery set him free,
 And let him an Attorney be ;
 Then will he learn the arts of Men,
 And ruin thousands with his pen ;
 Then will he quickly know to rise,
 And all that's poor and mean despise :
 Rich to be sure he'll quickly be,
 And like the Council take the Fee,
 His carriage keep, and Country seat,
 And who so grand, and who so great !

T. Of your false pride would I complain,
 But know I only speak in vain :

Make

Make him a rogue;—but what of t'other?

You would not wish a rogue his brother.

W. I know not what you mean by rogue;
—Give me professions best in vogue.
I have it—Aye—the case is clear,
And Tom shall be an Auctioneer:
The Boy has got an oily tongue,
Nor cares he much for right or wrong;
Besides, his presence! oh he'll swell,
And in the pulpit look full well.
Words he'll ne'er want, nor moods nor senses,
To talk the folks, beside their senses;
If titles to Estates they doubt,
He'll quickly find *some* title out;
The vilest sign-post daubing paint
As likenesses of Italian Saint,
Swear *Raphael* or *Corregio* drew
What better I could paint or you:
He'll copies sell, and swear 'em all
Fine, grand, sublime, original!
O! he's the very Lad for trade!
Methinks I see his fortune made;
Methinks I see him in his Coach,
That scurvy Scoundrels darn't approach;
Methinks I see him much the winner,
Greater than *Langford*, *Christie*, *Skinner* *;
And then he'll kindly thank his Mother,
Who plac'd out him, and plac'd his brother,

* Famous Auctioneers in 1779.

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Anxious that both her Boys should thrive,
To the two gainfull'st trades alive.

T. There may be truth in what you say,
For while Folks break, and run away,
Or while they live beyond all sense,
The Auctioneer will pick the pence :
While people too are fond of wrangling,
And squabbling still will live, and jangling,
They'll find, the more they disagree,
The faster Lawyers gain the Fee :
But still I wish my Sons some trade,
By which a fairer living's made ;
One shilling honestly obtain'd
Is worth a thousand guineas gain'd
By means thro' which the mind is pain'd.
Nothing, at last, produces true content,
Like the " calm conscience of a life well spent."

D I A L O G U E LXI.

Between a MILLER and his WIFE.

W. **H**USBAND, Heaven ne'er will bless your
store,
If thus you seek to grind the poor ;
He well deserves a houseless head,
Who seeks to rob them of their bread.

M. Peace,

M. Peace, Hussy ! hold your noisy tongue ;
 Dare you presume to say I'm wrong,
 You, who the half of all I get
 Full chearful can participate.

W. Indeed I'd rather less partake,
 Than you should pilfer for my sake.

M. Pilfer ! you slut, why what d'ye mean ?
 An honest livelihood I glean :
 There's ne'er a Miller in the Nation,
 That follows less than me the fashion ;
 For 'tis the Miller's fashion still,
 'To toll the grist that comes to mill ;
 My Father, ere my time, did so,
 And his, a hundred years ago ;
 Yet they were counted honest Men,
 And, living, would do so again :
 The best of characters had they,
 And constant went to Church to pray ;
 They paid all rates and taxes due,
 And slumber'd in their Sunday's pew ;
 They kept an hospitable board,
 And to each comer brought their hoard ;
 And when each died, the Parson said,
 " My Brother's number'd with the dead ;"
 And well I know when they departed,
 The Parish was half broken-hearted :
 Then hold your idle nonsense wife,
 Nor think to hold with me a strife ;

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Like them I eat, and drink and pray,
Nor would I better be than they.

W. 'Tis thus folks calm their minds, thus charm
Conscience, and think they do no harm :
Yet, husband, you must know full well,
That Millers pilferings lead to Hell :
You know that those who cheat the poor
Of sorrow lay up ample store ;
And tempt a just and righteous God,
To exercise his vengeful rod :
In time repent, in time be wise,
A contrite heart's a sacrifice,
And God those sinners will receive,
Who timely for their errors grieve.

M. No more—I'll think of what you've said,
And try a different life to lead ;
REPENTANCE never comes in vain
With REFORMATION in her train.

D I A L O G U E LXII.

Between a BLIND BEGGAR and his WIFE.

W. **W**ELL, John, this crawling thro' the
Street
Is but an idle kind of duty,
Imploring every one you meet
Some kind of Charity they'll shew t'ye.

B. I

B. I like the work, it costs no pain;
 And ever piece I take is gain;
 Mine's a clear profit trade d'ye see,
 Few traders get as much as me;
 And to obtain the daily *prog*,
 I use no tools but Self and dog,
 And Tray costs nothing, for he's fed
 On superfluity of bread;
 And wholsome scraps of dainty meat,
 His Master would disdain to eat.

W. The hand of Charity still throws,
 Much more than you could else dispose,
 But that your dog attendant stands,
 And takes the refuse from your hands.

B. The hand of Charity! d'ye say?
 Too oft profusion throws away
 What genuine charity would save,
 To keep the starving from the grave:
 The careless servants waste the meat,
 Which months before they'd joy to eat;
 Pil'd by in heaps the dainties lie,
 Till some mean Vagrant passes by,
 And then the Beggar's wallet's stor'd,
 And then a thousand thanks are pour'd,
 While the sham cripple feigns a hop,
 And sells it at some neighbouring shop.

W. True Husband, and when thus 'tis sold,
 Who buys it?—Then your tale is told.

B. Who buys it? "There's the rub," indeed,
 The pining Wretch in utmost need ;
 The Man with starving family,
 Who scorns to sneak and beg like we ;
 Who labours hard, but still in vain,
 His helpless children to maintain ;
 Fond of his Babes, and of his Wife,
 Who drags an almost hopeless life ;
 But when he gets the casual shilling,
 With how much glee, how more than willing,
 Swift on paternal wings he flies,
 To hush his starving Childrens cries,
 To feed his dear, his darling Wife,
 And reconcile them all to life :
 These are the folks, you know full well,
 Who buy the remnants that we sell.

W. Aye, husband, and 'tis these that be
 The objects of true charity ;
 Who pine in want, yet blush to ask,
 Since begging's the most painful task,
 To him who does possess such mind
 As dignifies the human kind.
 Well, husband, you remember well,
 Ere you by sad misfortunes fell,
 Ere poverty had sunk us down,
 To wander, Vagrants, thro' the town,
 E'en from the thought we'd shrink away,
 Of what we practise every day ;
 But custom's all—

B. I would not change
 The pleasure that I feel to range,
 And the sweet profits that arise
 For restoration of my eyes :
 Not SIGHT itself would now be dear,
 If LABOUR follow'd in the rear :
 Habit, I find, has wond'rous force,
 To change things from their nat'ral course ;
 Content is all, of that I sing,
 Nor would change stations with the King :
 Such peace of mind he can't possess,
 Nor do such dreams his slumbers bless :
 And all the World must see and own,
 That tortures still surround a throne :
 While very few the blifs can tell,
 That with blind Beggars loves to dwell.
 Of these things now no more I say,
 But to the Alehouse take my way,
 There smoke, and chat, and laugh to think,
 How easily we gain the chink.

W. Mean time the supper I'll provide :—

B. Do Child—What have you got beside
 The fowl and bacon ?

W. Two minc'd pies—

B. I'll order wine ;—and ere we rise
 From our refreshment, we will swell,
 To think we Beggars live so well.
 To-morrow we'll to daily sport,
 Again at night the bottle court,

And crown again the festive board,
 With what our labours may afford :
 Thus will we spend the jovial life,
 Devoid of care, devoid of strife,
 Of the Blind Beggar and his Wife.

D I A L O G U E LXIII.

Between a COMMON GAMBLER, and his
 WIFE.

G. **F**AITH, Nancy, I have *nimm'd 'em all*,
 And fairly brought off all the Cole ;

W. Nim 'em again Boy, great and small,
 What's fairly won can ne'er be stole :

Thus we shall 'scape blind Fielding's fangs,
 And thus the vengeance of the law,
 He's a poor *Flat* indeed that hangs,
 And cannot find, or make a flaw.

That Fielding is a cursed thief,
 And would *be down upon* you lads,
 Treating your matters in the brief,
 Just as with Highwaymen or *Pads*.

G. True, Nancy, he pretends to act,
 All for the welfare of the nation,
 Tho' other things I know are fact,
 As might be prov'd to demonstration :

For

For *if so be* his Worship was
 But half as just as he pretends,
 I own I cannot see the cause
 Why Brothels find so many friends.
 Close in that quarter of the Town,
 Which sends so many thieves to jails,
 Some Folks—(but surely they *come down*)
 Make pliant uses of their tails :

London and Westminster produces,
 Not have the Women kind and yielding,
 Nor a tenth part of those abuses.
 Within five hundred yards of Fielding :
 Then D—me let us hear no more
 Of punishment for common Gambler,
 When every thief, and every Whore
 Pads it about, a midnight Rambler.

W. Not so, my Boy, you're there mistaken,
 Altho' to some it seems full odd ;
 'Tis Cash alone that saves the Bacon,
 Poor Rogues alone must *go to Quod*.
 And as for Whores, full well I know,
 That Officers are mighty willing
 To make in Tothill-fields a show,
 Except they can produce—the Shilling.
 But then, indeed, they safely *budge*,
 Escaping from their present fright,
 And thro' the Streets again may trudge ;
 —A Shilling more—to-morrow night.

Thus the poor Girls may drink and fret,
 While Constables for them are carving ;
 They're vilely fleec'd of half they get,
 While nought is left but Gin and starving.

But this is nothing now to us,
 You know I am your lawful wife,
 Then leaving all this idle fuss,
 One Word to present modes of Life.

You say you fairly *nimm'd 'em all*,
 How was it ?

G. Faith the Dice were loaded,
 Each box attended on my call,
 And fools were gull'd, while I maroded.

IV. Then *Lawless* † did not make the Dice ?

G. No—d—n him, no, he will not do ;
 He's for my business far too nice ;
 —My Artizan's the little Jew :

'The little Levite of Duke's-place,
 Who strictly will his Sabbath keep,
 Turns his eyes up, in sign of grace,
 And always cheats while others sleep.

IV. 'Tis a sweet Rascal—but no more ;
 What *Cole* have you brought home to-night ?

G. Two hundred—take and count 'em o'er ;
 You find that every Guinea's right.

† The most capital Dice-maker in England ; strictly honest, and who has repeatedly refused considerable offers to aid the Gamblers in the art of cheating.—This is but a just tribute to the character of an HONEST Man.

W. Nay,

W. Nay, 'tis no matter for a trifle :—

Then we'll to Barnet-race to-morrow,
Contrive some other Fools to rifle,
And fairly leave 'em to their sorrow.

This is the cleverest way to thrive,
For 'tis by FLATS we SHARPERS live!

D I A L O G U E LXIV.

Between a CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER, and
his CONTRABAND GOODS.

W. **W**ELL, Frederick,—tell me—what d'ye
say ?

What mischief have you done to-day ?

C. Nay, nothing but that pound of tea,
Those handkerchiefs, and—let me see—
That little lot of China bowls—
It vex'd me faith—for the poor souls
So anxious, and so queer did look—
But I was sworn upon the Book,
Or, on my life, I'd not have taken—

W. Nay, Frederick, this won't save your bacon ;
You Officers will swear and say,
And all things do, but shew fair play :—
What for the government ?

C. You

C. You smile ;
 I'm sure you know 'twas not worth while
 For me to compliment the King,
 With what to you I'm us'd to bring ;
 If I should do so, you would school me,
 And swear that any rogue could fool me :
 No—no—I hope I've learnt my trade,
 And won't be now a blockhead made.

W. But don't you swear to give all in ?

C. Why yes—but Perjury is no Sin :
 To pious Folks who love to pray,
 I will not answer but it may ;
 But we still swallow Oaths by dozens,
 For Hell and we are cater-cousins..

W. 'Tis a strange trade—

C. We cannot live
 On pittance that our wages give ;
 Besides, while we but take a sample,
 We only follow great example ;
 And not to bind our Souls in fetters,
 Would be affrontive to our betters ;
 With people once obtaining places,
 Different from all the World their case is ;
 And, spite of all the World can say,
 That Man may safely cheat to-day,
 Who but last week had been a Villain,
 To bilk his neighbour of a shilling.
 Our Dictionary no word contains
 Against the seizing usual gains,

And

And is of every word bereft
That fraud implies, or hints at theft.

W. So far, so good—

C. Then hear the rest;—
While I, with fees of office blest
And other matters, can contrive
To keep the soul of gain alive,
Nor you nor I will fail to shine,
As any in the Parish fine:
Our house with plenty shall be stor'd,
Fit entertainment for a Lord;
And, 'twixt ourselves, we'll fairly steer
As upright as a pension'd Peer:
But if from right we go astray,
We have a better plea than they:
We from mere want our fortunes make,
And scorn to CHEAT FOR CHEATING SAKE.

D I A L O G U E LXV.

Between a SHEPHERD and his WIFE.

S. “**T**HERE was a Shepherd, his Daughter
dear

Kept Sheep upon a Hill;
There was a Knight, and a courteous Knight,
Of Her he'd have his will;
Twang Dillo, Dillo, de.”

W. Husband,

W. Husband, I much rejoice to hear
Your voice so fine, you're quite in tune;

S. Give me a buss my Wife most dear,
With breath more sweet than rose in June.

Why what should ail a Shepherd's pipe,
That it should e'er be out of sort,
For Love or Music still we're ripe,
Unlike the Puppets of the Court.

For what have we Shepherds with care to do?
Ambition ne'er enter'd the House of Content:

W. I wish, my dear Love, they'd be copiers of you,
And soon they would learn what true honesty
meant.

S. When on the slope of yonder Hill,
Quiet I tend my harmless sheep,
Their gentle bleatings only fill
The vacant mind, and lull to sleep.

Or if beside the rippling brook
My simple flock shall chuse to stray,
I'll still attend them with my crook,
Simple and innocent as they.

When Evening comes I drive 'em home,
And fold them near the neighbouring farm,
And, lest the midnight Wolf should roam,
My faithful dog shall guard from harm.

Then to my Cottage I repair,
With more than princely pleasure blest,

Thrice

Thrice happy that I find you there,
 And fondly clasp you to my breast.
 Thrice happy that my Babes are found
 To hug their Father's knees, and take
 The thousand blessings that abound,
 And swell his heart, for their dear sake.
 While frugal blessings crown the night,
 I'm thankful for the bounty given,
 And, rising ere the-dawn of light,
 Meet its first breakings from the Heaven.
 'Tis thus in calm content we dwell,
 And pass life's sober hours along ;
 BOTH. No wonder that our bosoms swell
 To all the height of grateful song.
 Sons of Ambition take a rule
 By which in life to fix your lot ;
 Whole ages in the Courtly School
 Yields no such bliss as Shepherd's Cot.

D I A L O G U E LXVI.

Between a MAN of RANK and his LADY,
 who had been a CITY HEIRESS.

N. **M**ADAM, these airs of affectation
 But ill become your former life,
 While I am laugh'd at thro' the nation,
 For taking such a vulgar Wife.

L. Proud

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L. Proud Sir, my fortune was the bait
Which brought you east of Temple-bar ;
'Tis I support your present state,
My purse but glitters in your star.

You reptiles of the courtly fry,
Would oft in grub-worm state remain,
But that we give you wings to fly,
And prompt to vanity the vain.

What is this envied state of your's,
The Coronet and Title too,
Which simple Damsels hearts allures,
To wed such Butterflies as you ?

N. Madam, whene'er we condescend,
To take a City Wife to bed,
Our rank and title too we lend,
And heap vast honours on her head :
Then humble duty, grateful joy,
And sense of her advancement high,
Should all her future thoughts employ,
Her benefactor in her eye.

L. What airs of insolence and pride
Are these you upstart Peers assume,
As if the World must turn aside,
And press to give your Lordships room ?
Look back ye proudest, at the most
But a few Centuries, and reflect,
Who could your present honours boast,
And who 'twas *then* that claim'd respect.

Perhaps

Perhaps some vagrant Warrior strove,
 By murderous deeds to raise a name,
 Or some Adventurer cross'd in love,
 Wedded, like you, a City dame :

Then high his head was toss'd in air,
 Ennobled was his vulgar race,
 And what commenc'd in mere despair,
 Gave rank, distinction, title, place.

N. But title and distinction gain'd,
 Will give pre-eminence of place;
 No matter how it be obtain'd,
 It aggrandizes all the race.

L. Nay, now my Lord, you're fairly trap'd,
 Your doctrine proves my rank is true,
 While with your honours I'm enwrapp'd,
 I'll hold my head as high as you.

" Altho' I am a City Lass,
 I see it plainly in my glass,
 That for a Duchess I may pass,
 With a stand by—clear the way."

N. These airs of insolence you may think sport,
 You're a fool—

L. And you, Sir, are not witty—

N. I'll instantly hie me away to the Court,

L. And I'll to my friends in the City,
 And tell 'em one truth which they needs must
 believe,
 That a Courtier means nothing but how to deceive.

D I A-

DIALOGUE LXVII.

Between a Country INN-KEEPER and his
WIFE.

W. **W**HY Husband, sure the Stage is late,
It should have come two hours ago;
'Tis here *Tom Driver* means to bait,
And never has he come so slow.

H. Tom has had luck upon the road,
Or surely we had seen him sooner;
A Coachman hell itself can't goad,
When he's engag'd with Men of honour.

W. With *Men of honour*, Husband?

H. Aye:
Whate'er you think, whate'er I say,
An honest Coachman can't contrive
To keep himself and wife alive,
But for the chances of the way;
For 'tis not those that ride and pay;
And simply only pay and ride,
Could for his family provide:
Folks must be spoke to—

W. What d'ye mean?

H. I mean CONNECTIONS oft may glean
The casual guinea—

W. You're in joke:

H. Word more sincere I never spoke,

Than

Than that the genuine sons o'th' whip,
 Think common fare a paltry trip ;
 And, like their betters in the land,
 Have always slaves at their command.
 The Highwayman as well is known,
 To him who mounts the four-wheel'd throne,
 As is the Minister of State,
 To him who rules Britannia's fate.

W. I understand ye ;—but 'tis strange ;—

N. No—no—Where'er thro' life you range,
 You'll find, tho' honesty may bawl,
 'Tis self, and interest, rules us all.

W. Then Tom's as honest as the rest ?

H. No doubt on't—and perhaps the best ;
 Who takes the casual fee alone,
 Risques no man's honour but his own ;
 While he who feigns to serve the Nation,
 Drives all things down to desperation.

DIALOGUE LXVIII.

Between a very ANCIENT COUPLE, after a
 Marriage of above Threescore Years.

Darby. **D**EAR Joan, I think we've fairly run
 The honest round of Sixty-one,
 And entering on the sixty-second,
 Full share of human bliss we've reckon'd :

Therefore

Therefore let's take a pipe at ease,
 And you may speak, just what you please;
 And when you've fairly done your joke,
 Why I will talk, while you may smoke;
 So that, without a farther pother,
 We'll still be Helpmates to each other.

Joan. Dear Darby, I am all your own,
 Your old, your true, your faithful Joan;
 And love to prattle by your side,
 E'en more than when I was your Bride.
 Full well, indeed, do I remember,
 (Ah! 'twas the second of September!)
 When you your Wedding suit put on
 T' attend to Church your faithful Joan;
 I had five Sweethearts at the time,
 But you alone with me could chime;
 There was a something in your face
 Of more than common manly grace,
 And Girls, Wives, Widows, all admir'd
 How handsomely you were attir'd,
 And vow'd they never saw the sight
 Of Village Swain so well bedight.
 Indeed, my dear, you was the figure——

Darby. Aye, Joan, but now I'm grown much
 bigger,
 Yet old and feeble——

Joan. Troth, for me,
 But little difference can I see.

Darby. Not

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Darby. Not see?—And what's the reason, Joan?
Why you yourself are older grown;
And yet as much you please my sight,
And charm,—as on the wedding-night.
Passion abates——

Joan. 'Pshaw! fools mind that,
I wish you'd something said more pat:——

Darby. And wise folks too, till certain ages,
When heat of blood no longer rages.
Why, 'tis not out of memory quite,
When you and I have wish'd for night;
And yet 'tis very long ago
Since——

Joan. Husband, may I be so bold,
If living, tell me pray how old
Would be our eldest Son?

Darby. Threescore——

Joan. Nay, faith, I thought 'twas something
more;
For if my memory be but sound,
Ten waning moons had scarce gone round——

Darby. Nay, only nine, old girl—no matter—
We ancient people love to chatter
Of times long past, and make a rout——

Joan. True Boy—but see my pipe is out.

Darby. And so is mine—then we'll to bed;—
But first one cup to chear the head.

Joan. With

Joan. With all my heart—Let others strive
 Like us to keep Love's Fire alive:
 So shall it down to ASHES BURN,
 And still be grateful in its URN!

CONCLUSION.

AND thus our little Volume's ended,
 In which we hope some Wit is blended,
 With many a page of serious truth,
 Worthy regard of Age and Youth:
 For what has been our anxious strife,
 But to "hold the picture up to life,"
 The Vices of the Age to shew,
 And sometimes paint its Virtues too?
 Then take the Labour of the Poet,
 Such as it is, you're welcome to it.

F I N I S.

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